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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 26, 1942
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXI No. 2240 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 26 1942

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Volume CLXXI No. 2240 The SPHERE, London, December 26, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE MEN OF THE EIGHTH ARMY, WITH THEIR COMMANDER, WHO HAVE PROVIDED BRITAIN WITH HER GREATEST VICTORIES ON LAND DURING THE YEAR 1942—An official picture taken during General Montgomery's inspection of Benghazi shortly after its capture

At this period of the turn of the year, it is fitting that we should pay tribute to the men who have provided Britain with her greatest land victories of the past year, and who have been responsible for the greatest advance in the shortest time ever recorded in military history. The Eighth Army, in large part composed of units from Great Britain, but also supported by considerable contingents from the Colonies and from our Allies, is now fighting well to the westward of El Agheila, after having inflicted one of the most decisive defeats of the present war on the Axis. Under the direction of Generals Alexander and Montgomery the Eighth Army have shown themselves more than a match for the Germans of the Afrika Korps, despite boastings from Rommel and Hitler. These men of a light A.-A. gun crew at Benghazi are typical of the soldiers who are, even now, forging victory in the North African deserts

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 173

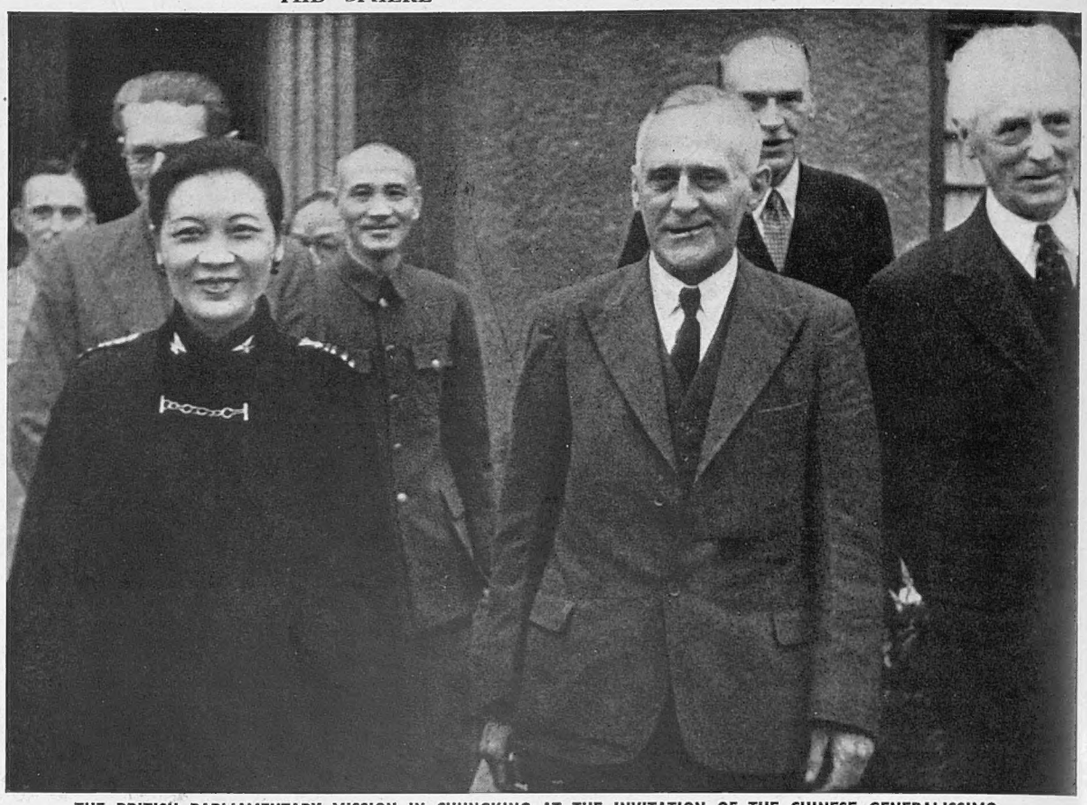
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Christmas.—This Christmas, 1942, we shall enjoy certain comforts fresh and in retrospect which few of us anticipated last Christmas, when we went with our families to church. The ringing of our church bells is fresh in our memory and still sweet. For they rang for Victory, not for invasion. And when that lovely and triumphant and obscurely translated passage from Chapter ix of Isaiah is once more read out, it will punctuate, as never before, the fine, familiar, vaguely comforting points of its first translation :—" Nevertheless, the dimness shall not be such as was in her vexation. . . . The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light : they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. . . . For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, the rod of his oppressor. . . ." For many men whose religion is based on the traditions of family churchgoing in childhood, this passage from Isaiah always contributes a not insignificant part of the charm and comfort and poetry of Christmas Day. There are dark days ahead, but the dimness cannot again be so dim as in the past. The rod of the oppressor is broken but not yet snatched from his hand. By the miracle of November we discovered how much has been done. Much more remains to do. But the light has come back and the old Christmas anthem takes up the tale of comfort :—

" The night is past, and the dawn at last
Is coming with Orient light."

Never surely more apt were the Christmas messages of good cheer and comfort. All 's well, if we can but keep our faith in the greatness of our cause, in ourselves and in our Allies, in our deeds and not in our words, in the efficacy of actions rather than threats, of calm restraint rather than jeers and cat-calls ; in a word, if we can keep faith with Christmas and its message of sure Comfort.

Royal Birthdays.—December is the month *par excellence* for birthdays in the circle of the King's immediate family. The King celebrated his forty-seventh birthday on December 14. The Duchess of Kent was born on December 13. The late Duke of Kent on December 20. The Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Alexandra of Kent chose Christmas Day, and Prince William of Gloucester December 18. Perhaps some prophetic power influenced some of these choices : a vision of a war austerity preparing in the future when it would be fit and right to amalgamate the expectations of the two annual occasions for the receiving of presents into a single token payment. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is pure coincidence ! Prophecy and coincidence will retain their rights to a note of interrogation until mankind can put beyond dispute the scope of Providence's direction of human affairs. That will not come to-morrow. Since King George V wrote in his diary on December 14, 1895 : " A little boy was born weighing nearly 8 lb. at 3.40 (Sandringham time)," King George VI has put on a great deal of weight. Since (on the same day) Queen Victoria wrote in *her* diary : " I have a feeling it may be looked on as a gift from God " (it was the thirty-fourth anniversary of her own " terrible anniversary "), we have reason to acknowledge her gift of prophecy. Like his father, the present King has derived from the stress and anxieties of war a weight and dignity and influence and authority in his high and lonely office which this country and Empire acknowledges. Like his father, he has graduated in the hardest school that ever tested kings, and has passed with honours.



THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY MISSION IN CHUNGKING AT THE INVITATION OF THE CHINESE GENERALISSIMO

A British Parliamentary Mission has just visited China's wartime capital of Chungking. The visit is a courtesy one, as a tribute to the valiant spirit of the Chinese people, who for five years have been fighting single-handed against the Japanese aggressor. The Mission is made up of Lord Ailwyn and Lord Teviot, who were chosen by the Lord Chancellor to represent the Lords ; and Captain Scrymgeour Wedderburn, M.P., and Mr. Jack Lawson, M.P., chosen by the Speaker to represent the Commons. From left to right in this picture (taken by a Newsreel photographer) are Lord Ailwyn, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, General Chiang Kai-Shek, Mr. Jack Lawson, Sir Horace Seymour (British Ambassador) and Lord Teviot

Churchill's Last Job.—I hope Mr. Churchill has before him fifteen to twenty years of active intellectual life. He is approaching man's allotted span, but we have scores of instances of men and women who have revealed no diminishment of intellectual power when fifteen milestones beyond it. How many of the years which may be ahead of him must be devoted to winning the war, how many he may think fit to devote to winning the peace and establishing a new world order and national order are on the knees first of the gods and then of his own judgment. But before he lays down his pen, and after he lays down his portfolio, there is one more job due from him to posterity and to his contemporaries—his war memoirs. It will be a best-seller which will blow *Gone With the Wind* off the map. Lloyd George's war memoirs were best-sellers by any existing standards. Churchill's, if they could be written with a frankness and impartiality greater than, and a fullness as great as, Mr. Lloyd George's, would be an epoch-making book—a book whose sheer interest and historic value would perhaps exceed any published book in fame and importance and provide more authority for future historians than any known historical source.

The Truth About the War!—I should like to live long enough to know the whole truth. Only a frankness and impartiality rarely achievable by a Premier, a politician, a war-leader, could satisfy the exacting requirements. The whole story, and nothing but the truth, and none of the truth omitted. The truth about every one of our periods of greatest crisis ; the shortage of armaments, the fall of France, Dunkirk, the Battle of Britain, our relations with Russia, Singapore, the U-boats, Hess, the shackling of prisoners, Darlan. How many more obscurities, enigmas, blanks, in our knowledge of the truth about matters of vital importance and pulsing interest, varying in degrees of pre-eminence, could you name without a minute's reflection ? Were there ever so many secrets locked up in so few minds in the course of a world war ? Was ever the fog of war so thick or the ignorance of a people in a peoples' war so profound ? No war leader ever took the people more into his confidence ; none ever devoted so much time to national war reviews ; none ever revealed, or concealed, more secrets. The talk of the pundits is non-stop, hour after hour, through the long years of war, and whenever we stop to count the harvest of information, it sinks into insignificance beside the sheeted pile of undisclosed truths, the confidential matters into which we must not seek to probe. The Muse Clio will make very full and constant use of the name of Churchill. He himself, as an historian, has been one of Clio's most distinguished aides-de-camp. Before he leaves her service to fill the niche she has prepared for him, he must perform in her behoof this one more supreme duty, without fear or favour, without reservation. And then he will have broken all records.

Japan and New Guinea.—I seldom refer to Japan and the Pacific war. If the internal condition of Germany economically and of Italy politically is a closed book to us (despite the flood of inspired light which is daily thrown on these countries by pundits for our instruction), how much more obscure is the political and economic state of Japan. The man in the street in Britain has literally no accepted facts to work upon as regards Japan. But it is possible for him, if he has filed some of the Allied estimates of " business done " and damage wrought upon the Japanese Navy, merchant marine, Air Force and Army, to conclude that the expulsion of the enemy from the Buna-Gona area of New Guinea has cost Japan a heavy price, and given her a severe set-back and food for reflection. Whether or not she will try again in that particular area, or hinge, of her aggressive design, we do not know. It is possible, however, for us to argue that perhaps no effort to hold a *point d'appui* in a strategic plan was in the history of wars so costly to all arms in relation to its scope, if not to its importance, in the enemy's broad plan. We know least about Japan's present-day facilities for replacing her losses in materials of war, ships of all kinds, guns, tanks, planes and bombs. We know very little about the launchings of warships and merchant ships from Japanese yards since 1939, or plane output. We know most about the character and will to war of her people, and about her man-power problem in 1942-43. And those facts give us little cause for complacency. We believe she has yet no man-power problem to worry her, as Britain and Germany have. And we believe that the Japanese race is still inspired with a fanaticism, a will to victory, and a confidence in victory, a willingness to suffer, and ability to do without, which many set-backs and defeats will not greatly shake or undermine. We know, too, from available estimates, that in her newly-won " possessions," she has inexhaustible resources in most of the vital raw materials necessary for waging war, and that an enviable proportion of these are already actual, and not merely potential (save in respect of the means of transporting them to Japan for manufacture ; and about that we are not very well informed). We may say, then, that it will take many Bunas to shake Japan's overweening confidence and exhaust her resources.

A Peep Into Arcadia.—I looked through several recent numbers of the Swiss *Illustre*. What a twinge it gave me ! Newsprint paper apparently " no object." A great part of the normal-page issue devoted to advertisements. Of these, the bulk addressed to women, and to " luxury " articles. Whole pages of women's dress fashions. Pages of winter sports, summer scenes in the foothills, flowers and frocks, and boating on calm waters. A long instalment of a serial novel. The lights of Zürich seen from the air at night. The *feeling* of life in a neutral country is by all accounts sharply felt by any traveller entering Switzerland from a country at war. It hits him, numbs him, brings him sanity and infinite peace and relief from tension. You get a faint idea of it from looking at Swiss periodicals. Switzerland has her handicaps and difficulties—she always has them. But what good fortune—to remain an oasis, more or less sane and safe, in a world of fury and madness. To enjoy the night lights of their capital cities, while you and I do our daily and nightly share of the fifty-six windows black-out. To enjoy the beauties of nature without apprehension. . . . Obvious, of course, and unnecessary to enumerate the blessings of peace. But in war the obvious is often obscure and in a world war it is easy to forget that a small minority of the human race remain, *pro tem.* and with limitations, *fortunati nimium*.

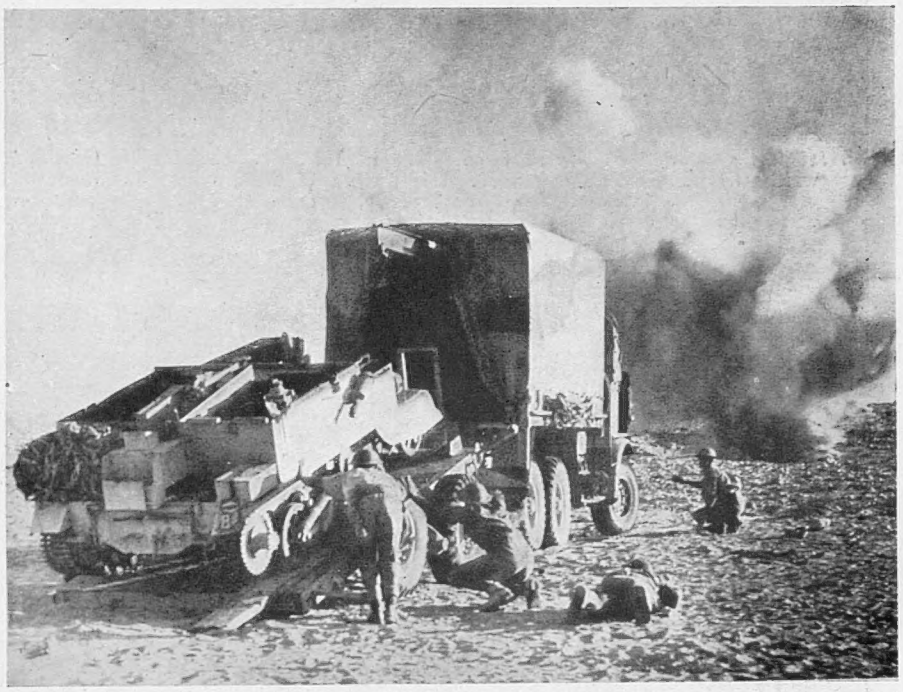
THE OLD STAGER

IN THE WAKE of the EIGHTH ARMY

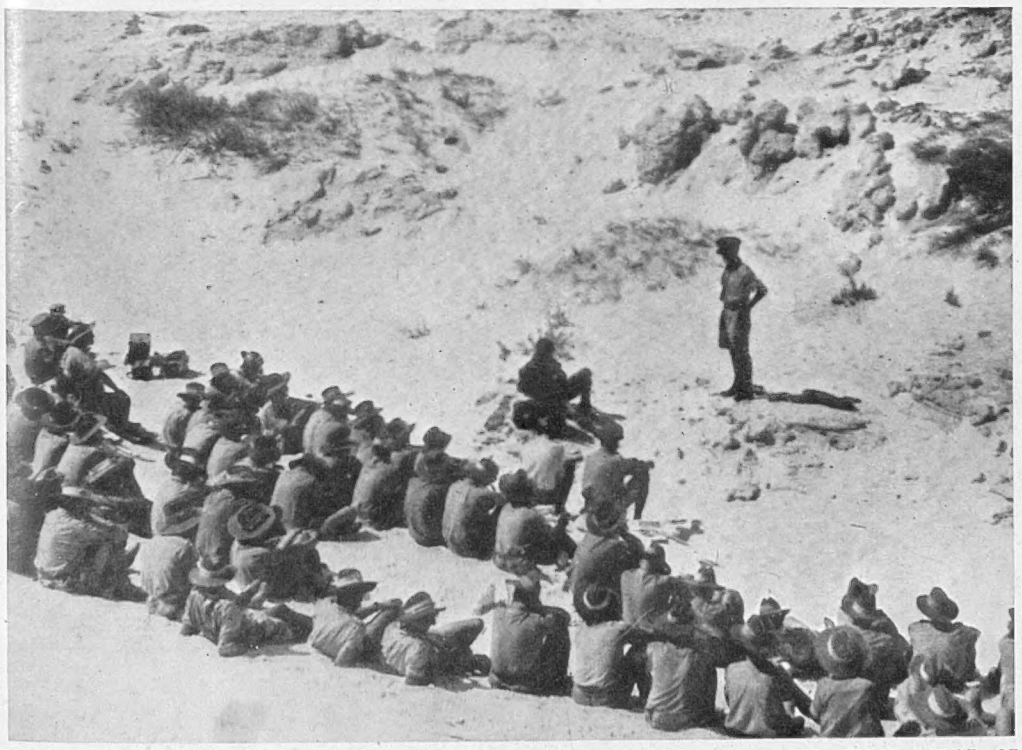
GENERAL ALEXANDER, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF MIDDLE EAST, drives his own Jeep car through Benghazi : A picture taken "between battles," when the Eighth Army was consolidating its gains and preparing for the push into Tripolitania. A vast amount of intricate organisation was necessary to bring up supplies, and to re-establish damaged bases, harbours, roads, railways, etc., before the drive towards Tripoli could be continued

GENERAL MONTGOMERY INSPECTING SOME OF THE AXIS SEA DEFENCES AT BENGHAZI before moving up into Tripolitania in pursuit of the defeated Afrika Korps

THESE ARE MEN OF THE A.I.F. who came under enemy fire in a most unexpected manner during a lull in the fighting. While examining a smouldering German tank which had been heavily strafed by our aircraft, ammunition bins inside the tank exploded and sent a shower of shot in all directions. Fortunately, the diggers were able to go to earth quickly and no one was hurt!



RECOVERY UNITS OPERATING WITH THE A.I.F. are doing good work in the repair and salvage of vehicles damaged by mines and shell fire. These men operate in the forward areas and carry out their valuable work often under direct fire from the enemy batteries. This picture was taken when a salvage crew was at work on a Bren-carrier. The operation was disturbed when an enemy shell exploded uncomfortably close



THIS PICTURE FROM THE WESTERN DESERT WAS TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE GREAT BATTLE OF ALAMEIN. It commemorates a Service held by Commissioner Tibbs, of the Salvation Army, during which he gave a talk which has become famous in the Desert as "The Sermon on the Sandhills." It was preached within sound of the guns, and in a sunken gully protected from enemy aircraft by anti-aircraft guns, which were mounted on the surrounding heights

GENERAL FREYBERG, commanding the New Zealand troops (in centre), planning an advance with two Brigadiers in the desert on the way to Benghazi

U.S. PARACHUTISTS AND AXIS PRISONERS IN THE TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN

AN AIRPORT CAPTURED BY ALLIED PARATROOPS IN TUNISIA : The white patches on the ground are not snowdrifts, but are discarded parachutes, by means of which the U.S. soldiers descended. This method of warfare has been pursued to great effect in North Africa ; during the earlier stages of the fighting, particularly, a number of salient points were captured by the Allied forces by this means

THE GERMANS FIRE ON THEIR OWN WOUNDED PRISONERS : In spite of the clearly-marked Red Cross on the sides of the ambulance, a Ju. 88 swooped down and machine-gunned this vehicle from a low height—not knowing that it contained wounded German prisoners being taken to the base. The driver was killed as he tried to open the rear door. Major Yarborough (French Liaison Officer) heard the screams of the men inside as the smouldering car threatened to go up in flames : he shot the lock off the door, and then made the other wounded Germans carry out on a stretcher a badly wounded comrade whose leg was shattered. In this picture Major Yarborough is seen standing in the road with his automatic rifle : the dead driver is lying on the ground

THE LEADER OF THE U.S. PARATROOPS DECORATED : Colonel Edson Raff, whose men have been in action in Tunisia, is here being decorated with the Legion of Honour by General Edouard Welvert, of the French African Army

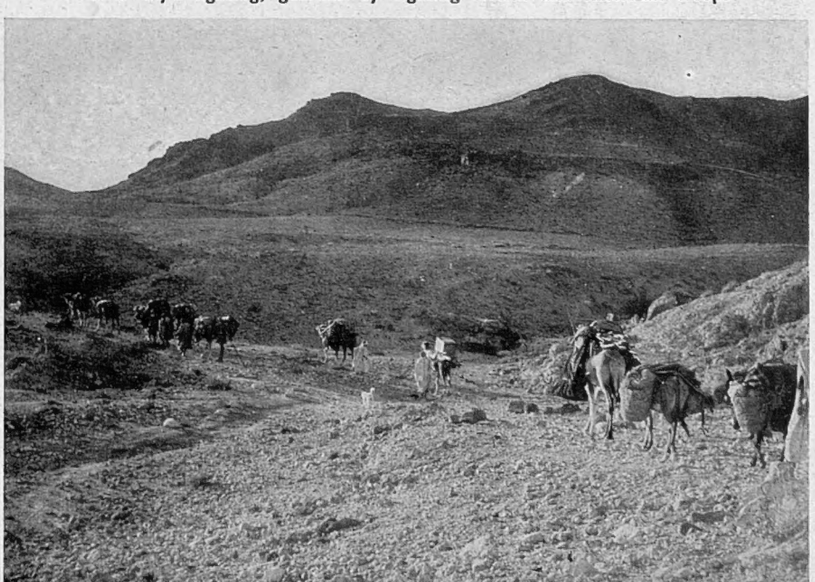
MAJOR WILLIAM YARBOROUGH (of Seattle) questions two German prisoners captured in the Tunisian fighting. He is French Liaison Officer with the advanced American forces

A GERMAN AND ITALIAN MOTOR CONVOY SHOT UP IN TUNISIA : These units of an Axis motor column were immobilised along a main road after they had been shot up by Allied fighter planes. Further progress was impossible, and the vehicles remained where they were hit—little more than piles of wreckage at intervals along the road

THE FIRST AXIS PRISONERS COME IN : German and Italian prisoners, with hands raised high, being marched back from a Tunisian forward area by French Colonial soldiers. The prisoners are being made to hurry so that they can be safely caged before night draws in

A GERMAN OFFICER, his head bowed, and wearing the Iron Cross, surrenders with his arms raised in Tunisia. In the background is a U.S. parachutist in his field-service uniform and with pockets bulging with necessary warlike equipment

A COLUMN OF CAPTURED AXIS PRISONERS being marched back to the base at the end of a day's fighting, guarded by Fighting French and American troops

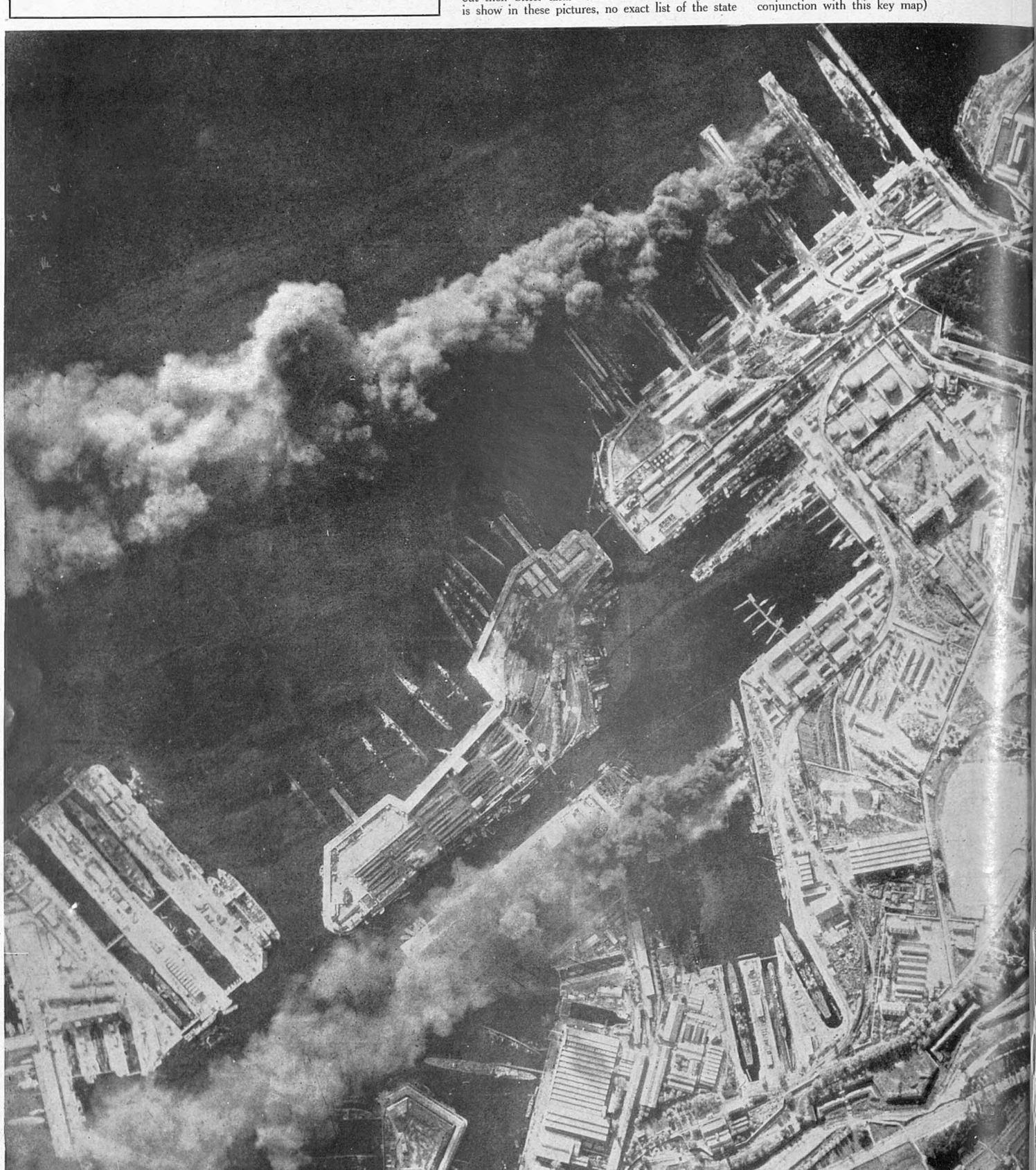


MOVING UP TO THE FRONT : Allied mule and camel transport approaching a mountain-pass held by the enemy at the start of an attack in Tunisia. This picture conveys an excellent impression of the rocky, barren, mountainous country where fighting is now proceeding at the approaches to Bizerta and Tunis

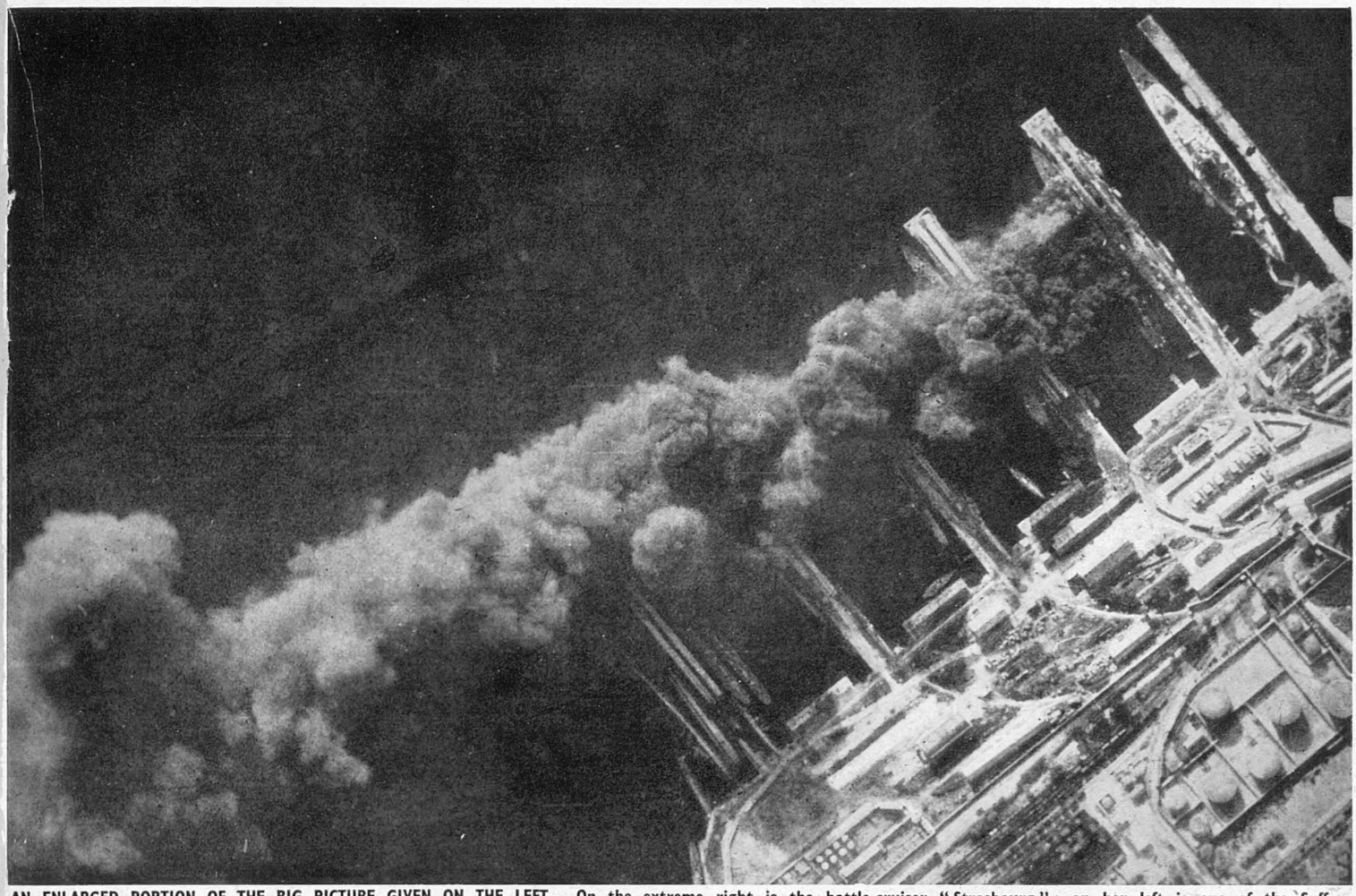
The SCUTTLING of the FRENCH FLEET

Official Air Ministry Pictures Taken at Toulon the Day After, Whilst Many of the Vessels Were Still Burning

The day after the scuttling and firing of the ships of the French Fleet in Toulon Harbour, photographs were taken by the R.A.F. Many of the vessels were still burning, so that smoke obscured part of the scene. But the official photographs reproduced here show, besides the burning cruisers, ship after ship of the *contre-torpilleur* and destroyer classes lying capsized or sunk, testifying to the thoroughness with which the French seamen carried out their bitter task. While the vast damage done is show in these pictures, no exact list of the state of the ships can be drawn up, since destruction which may have taken place in several cases within the ships themselves cannot be seen in an aerial photograph. Thus, the upper deck of the battle-cruiser *Strasbourg* is not submerged; but there are signs that the vessel has settled and is grounded. (The key plan at the bottom of the facing page shows the whereabouts of the majority of the ships and their condition so far as it can be seen from the photographs. The latter should be viewed in conjunction with this key map)



TOULON DOCKYARD ON THE DAY AFTER THE SCUTTLING OF THE FRENCH FLEET: Smoke is pouring from two 8-in. cruisers of the Suffren class. The grounded battle-cruiser "Strasbourg" is seen alongside one of these two vessels in the top right-hand corner of the picture: the other Suffren class cruiser is in the right centre in one of the inner basins of the harbour



AN ENLARGED PORTION OF THE BIG PICTURE GIVEN ON THE LEFT. On the extreme right is the battle-cruiser "Strasbourg"; on her left is one of the Suffren class 8-in. cruisers, with smoke still pouring from her hours after she was set on fire

Before the photographs reproduced here had been released for publication, a message from Washington had disclosed that, although more than two-thirds of the French Fleet was sunk or damaged by its crews on November 27, the Germans will be able to use some twenty ships. In revealing this, Colonel Knox, Secretary of the United States Navy, said that Axis radio reports at the time that the whole of the French Fleet had been sunk were deliberately exaggerated. This was an old German psychological trick—to make false admissions so that the disappointment when the truth became known would be all the greater.

Of the seventy-five vessels in the harbour at the time, he said, four submarines escaped, while fifty-one ships were scuttled or damaged. The vessels damaged included the battle-cruisers *Dunkerque* and *Strasbourg*, and the modernised battleship *Provence*.

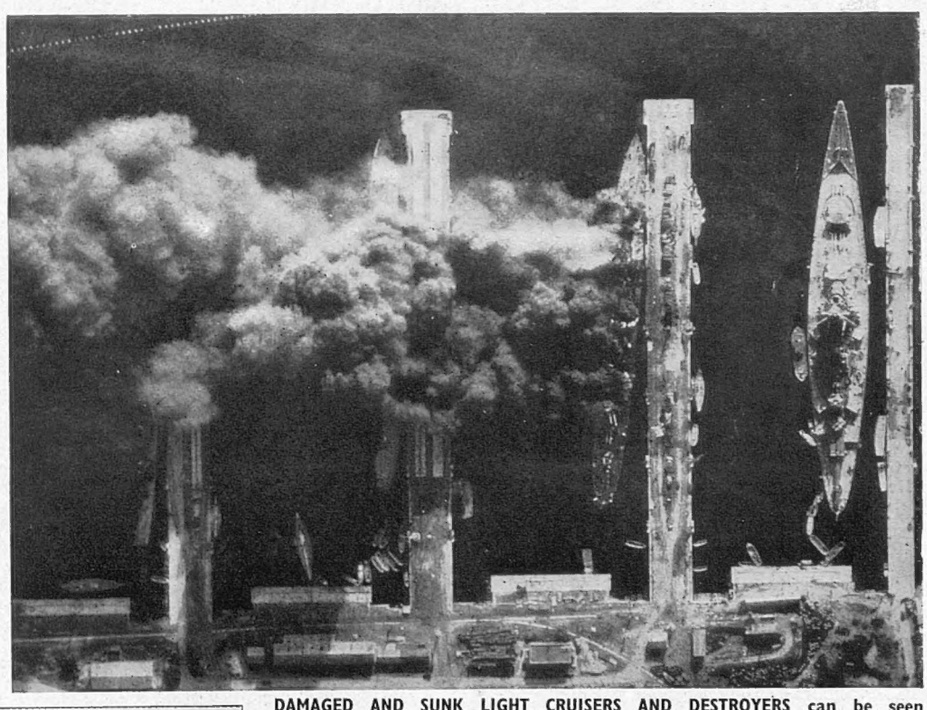
"There is a possibility," said Colonel Knox, "that the Germans may be able to repair some of the damaged ships, but there was also the possibility that, owing to the time taken to train crews, they will not be able to use all the ships captured intact."

The ships the Germans may be able to use were enumerated by Colonel Knox as: Two cruisers of the 7,600-ton, 6-in.-gun La Galissonniere class; the demilitarised battleship *L'Ocean*, now a training ship: two destroyer flotilla leaders of the 2,126-ton Tigre class; one destroyer flotilla leader of the 2,441-ton Aigle class; two 1,772-ton destroyers and one of 1,319 tons; two gunboats; five tankers.

Details of the position at Toulon, as revealed by all reconnaissance and "other sources," include:

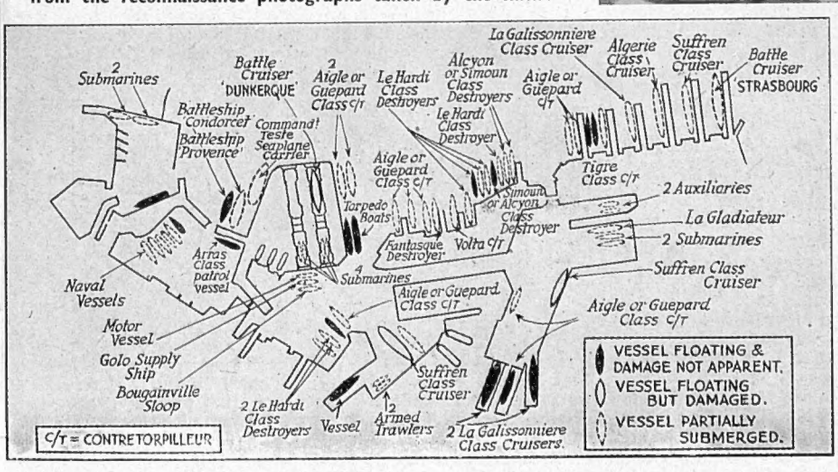
Battleship.—Provence, very low down by the stern.

(Continued below on right)



DAMAGED AND SUNK LIGHT CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS can be seen through the shadow and smoke caused by the burning 8-in. cruiser. Again the "Strasbourg" is seen on the right

***Below*—This key plan shows the whereabouts of the majority of the ships and their condition so far as it can be seen from the reconnaissance photographs taken by the R.A.F.**



Battle-Cruisers.—Strasbourg aground on an even keel. *Dunkerque* damaged and awash.

Cruisers.—Two of the 10,000-ton Suffren class and one of the 9,000-ton La Galissonniere class heavily on fire. The 10,000-ton cruiser *Algerie* aground and possibly on fire.

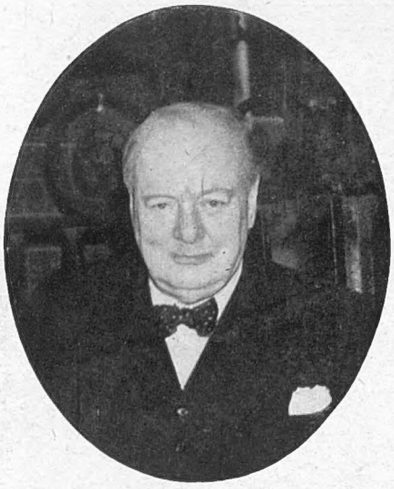
Seaplane-Carrier.—Commandant Teste, 10,000 tons, capable of carrying twenty-six planes, severely damaged on the port side.

Destroyers.—Eleven destroyers or flotilla leaders, three flotilla leaders of the Tigre, Volta and Fantasque classes, six destroyers of Le Hardi class, and five other destroyers scuttled and lying either with their decks awash or on their sides.

The news that the last desperate action of the French Navy partially misfired is offset by the fact that the warships at Dakar, which are to be used against the Axis, probably include the 35,000-ton battleship *Richelieu*, three cruisers, three destroyers, twelve submarines, three minesweepers and other light vessels

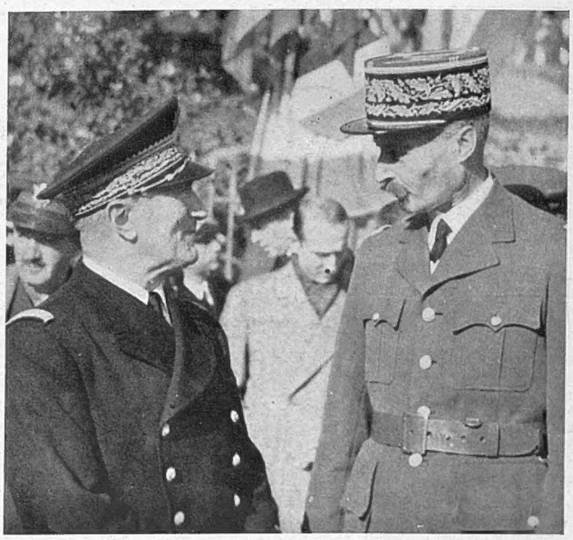
THESE NAMES MADE MOST NEWS IN 1942

By FERDINAND TUOHY



THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Prime Minister and prime inspirer of the British Commonwealth of Nations

FIELD-MARSHAL ERWIN ROMMEL, as rapid in retreat as he was in advance! Now in headlong retreat through Tripolitania

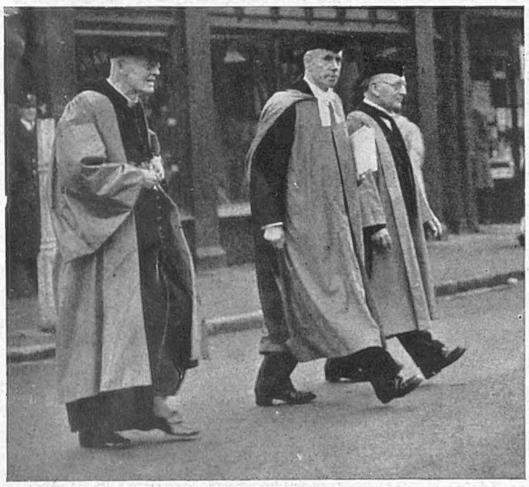


TWO GREATLY DISCUSSED PERSONALITIES IN NORTH AFRICA: Admiral Darlan, anti-British exponent of collaboration with the U.S., and General Giraud, who escaped from a German prison and is now leading the French army in the Tunisian field against the Axis

AN American choice of Mr. Churchill as the man of the year has solid basis. The British Prime Minister became the centre of the alliance by his visits to President Roosevelt and Premier Stalin; and when the tide turned in November, countless first thoughts all over the world must have gone to the leader who, in 1940, stood in the breach unaccompanied. In his own country, Mr. Churchill's stock galloped to new heights.

Both Stalin and Roosevelt have had a great year, too. The former by reason of the defence of a city named after him which will live as long as military history itself. The latter for presiding over the recovery of the United States from Pearl Harbour to Algiers and the Solomons, via Bataan, Midway and the Coral Sea.

The other of the Big Four, Chiang Kai-shek, resolutely awaits the relief promised him by his Allies.



MOST COURAGEOUS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC PRELATES: Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster (on left), with Sir David Ross (Vice-Chancellor) and Mr. Alton, of Trinity College, Dublin, after the conferring of the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law of Oxford University on the Cardinal

In a compendium aimed at the whole world, friends and enemies alike, the tendency is to cite too many names from one's own side, and then to dismiss the enemy in a few scornful sentences. Therefore, I propose to begin with the enemy. It may bring a better balance.

It seems to have been Himmler's year in Germany. From being head of the whole police system through Europe, including the Gestapo, Himmler has become chief of the Waffen S.S., said to number several hundred thousand picked men, and to have its own air force, likewise dictator of Civil Defence. The mission of the Waffen S.S. is to hold down everybody, Germans included.

Rommel, of course. When a man adds a new word to a language, how leave him out? *Rommeln* now means "to be tough." *Rommeln* might equally mean to run forward, chasing the enemy, and to run backward, escaping him. Either way, this officer is recognised to possess brilliance. Did not Mr. Churchill single him out? Hitler will have more difficulty in firing Rommel than he has been used to, on account of the way this 100-per-cent. Nazi Party Marshal has been boosted.

The thirty-eight-year-old Minister for Armaments and Weapons, A. Speer, holds more offices than any other German and, as the battle of the "Fortress-Europa" develops, this successor to Todt of the famous fortifications can only mount in public notice. A second newcomer, Waffen S.S. General Zeitzler, is Hitler's "Yes-man" Chief of Staff in place of the talented and erudite Halder, who has gone the way of a dozen leading German Marshals and Generals of this war. The spectacular casualty of 1942 was Bock, a typical Prussian officer of the kind our Generals should not think of shaking hands with, if this war really means what the people are told.

Japan has been dominated by Tojo, whose act of war provided an opening ten weeks of dazzling success. Beyond his conquering general, whose name momentarily escapes me, Nippon does not seem to have produced any telling figure. Nor Italy any outstanding figure at all. The best known of 1942 was probably "Woe! Woe! Ansaldo," who, at least, was an accurate prophet. Marshal Bastico got oak leaves and iron crosses prior to being kicked out of Africa. The submarine "ace," Grossi, whose sunken ships have a habit of sailing on, would have intoxicated a Fascist Italy of Ethiopian days.

In the strangled lands, quislings are mainly heard of, and what a bunch they've come to be! Hitler's greatest political defeat. Only very rarely may one praise a leader of resistance without fear of consequences to him. Such a one is the now legendary General Mihailovitch, Yugoslav War Minister, who breaks new ground by being decorated from without while carrying on as guerilla inside. Likely future strategy—if all goes well—should invest the General's stand with increasing importance. Christian X's unmistakable "thank you" to Hitler's fulsomeness had its historical element, in that it signified the final refusal of that small State, which the Nazis had strived to present as "the model Protectorate within the New Order." Of like texture was Herriot's divesting himself of his Legion of Honour.

Twister Darlan should occupy a permanent niche in French history. Darlan was the leader of the *attentiste* school, after having belonged to the "all-is-lost" one until after the Battle of Britain and Sidi Barrani. He then started trimming. Even his visit to Berchtesgaden was part of it—maybe also some of his elaborate bitterness towards England. My own view on Darlan is that any French army entering France, from whatever direction, should have de Gaulle men as vanguard.

Russia's second year of war has made it possible to discern some of that country's outstanding figures, such as Rodimtsev, the defender of Stalingrad; Shaposhnikov, Chief of the General Staff, on whom Stalin much relies; and Zhukov, who early in the year triumphed before Moscow, and has since made good his hold on the doomed enemy a thousand miles from home. And, of course, Timoshenko, who remains the popular favourite as "Timmo." Ambassador Maisky has come into his own, while the Russians would probably add Malenkov, Kaganovitch (Transport) and Beria (Home). I shall add Ludmilla Pavlichenko, because it is so confoundedly hard to find any women for this gallery beyond an Eleanor.

What a hero was MacArthur when the curtain rose on this fast-fading year! Since then, one or two other U.S. military leaders have come to town to share the popular acclaim. Admiral Nimitz seems to have righted a rotten situation with admirable celerity. General Eisenhower started off with a bang, though Mr. Robert Murphy must be remembered as off-stage organiser of easy North African entry. "Back home" there is that type only the United States can produce: Mr. George Kaiser. Doubtless he will come to a ship a day in peacetime, and have we thought what changes that will engender? Perhaps as revolutionary as the commercial air-fleets have in store. Hull and Stimson kept up their ends for the Old Brigade; Donald Nelson attempts production prodigies on behalf of the New. Regarding Willkie, it may be rash to play him down as an an emotional idealist or romantic. There is a deal of hard sense in Mr. Willkie, and he has a flair for capturing the mood of the times.

Here at home it is probably not inaccurate to say that the name of Beveridge will outlive any of 1942's personalities, saving the Prime Minister himself. The Beveridge Way, what happens to it, will decide a great deal of the answer to all the talk about the New World. Another to have impressed himself on the day is Dr. Temple. What a task he has set himself in attempting to rid organised religion of its shams and indecencies! Another high cleric, Cardinal Hinsley, one hears lauded by non-Catholics for having integrated his Church into the loyalty of the land. Maybe the war's outstanding Cardinal?

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, whose famous Plan is everywhere being discussed

After being hailed as "the coming man," Sir Stafford Cripps failed to attune himself to Windy Nook, *alias* the Mother of Parliaments; but, being an able, sincere and unself-seeking man, gifted with foresight and penetration, Cripps will come again.

Of our year's military leaders, may one first name Alexander? After he had rescued an appalling Burmese position, it is clear Mr. Churchill gave this General much of the credit for El Alamein and after, of which General Montgomery was the resolute artisan on the spot.

In a sea war, heavily convoy in nature, the names of Admirals Burnett, Harcourt and Vian stand out. While the late Lieut.-Commander Wanklyn, V.C., will live in British submarine annals, as Paddy Finucane will in aerial lore. Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder becomes Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, with a well-won reputation as pioneer and experimenter. Finally, Jan Smuts. It might be sound to insist on Smuts and Willkie participating in that Supreme World Council envisaged for the years of transition. Much better have these colonial views thoroughly aired, if we are to learn from last time's half-smothering of uncomfortable issues.

Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo and chief organiser of Nazi "justice"

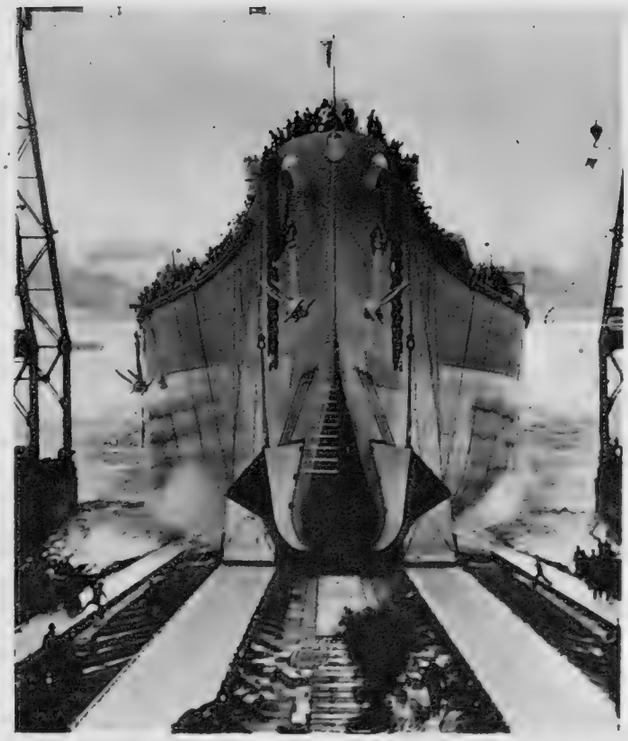
Colonel-General Halder, former Chief of the German General Staff, sacked by Hitler

Admiral Doenitz, Chief of the German Submarines, in charge of the "blockade"

The WORK of the ROYAL NAVY: *And Three Pictures of German Naval Activities in Europe*

A WONDERFUL RESCUE JOINTLY CARRIED OUT BY THE R.A.F. AND THE ROYAL NAVY IN THE ATLANTIC: A destroyer, guided to the spot by aircraft, making for a ship's boats

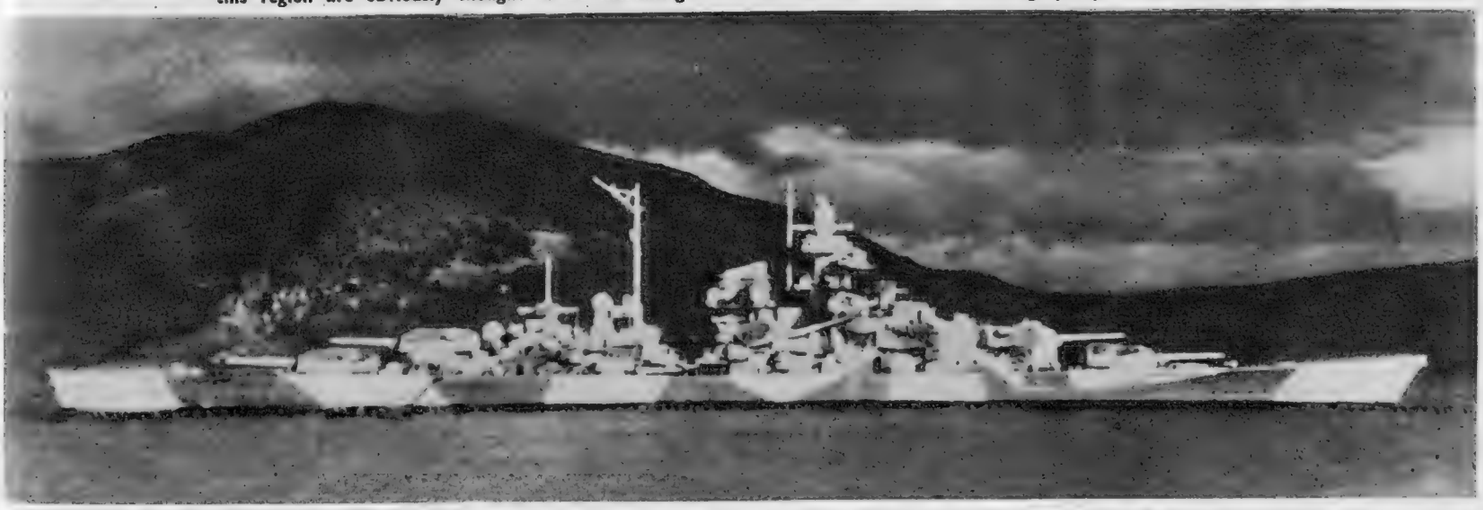
Seventy-three passengers and crew of a merchant vessel have just been rescued by the combined efforts of Coastal Command aircraft and vessels of the Royal Navy. Their ship had been torpedoed 500 miles out in the Atlantic. During the thirteen days between the sinking and the despatch of the "operation-completed" signal by the rescue craft, Coastal Command aircraft flew more than 5,500 miles and naval vessels swept hundreds of square miles of sea. Last to come ashore was the captain, who said: "Thank God for the Navy and the R.A.F. We stood as one man to cheer those R.A.F. aircraft when they found us." Four boats were lowered, and, although they attempted to keep together, they lost each other in the darkness. Relays of aircraft began searching in ever-widening sweeps, but four days elapsed before the first of the boats was found by a Sunderland. Subsequently, the other three boats were spotted by Flying Fortresses, another Sunderland and a Catalina



THE LAUNCHING OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BATTLESHIP: The U.S.S. *New Jersey* is one of six ships of the Iowa class. She is the mightiest and heaviest battleship ever constructed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Her displacement is 45,000 tons, and she will mount nine 16-in. guns and carry a complement of 1,600. She has left the Navy Yard no less than eighteen months ahead of schedule. The *New Jersey* is one of thirteen vessels launched at various yards throughout America on the anniversary of Pearl Harbour

THE GERMANS RUSH TO FORTIFY THE SOUTHERN FRENCH COAST NEAR MARSEILLES. Anti-aircraft guns and other material being moved into position to ward off possible attacks on the newly-occupied territory. As the First and Eighth Armies make progress, the threats to this region are obviously thought to be increasing

THE GERMANS TRY TO SMUGGLE A CONVOY THROUGH THE CHANNEL. The convoy was sneaking through on a pitch-dark night when suddenly dazzling searchlights caught it. A British warship had surprised the manœuvre. This picture (by a Nazi photographer) was taken at that moment



THE FIRST AUTHENTIC PICTURE OF THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP "TIRPITZ" IN HER HIDE-OUT IN NORWAY

The pride of the German Navy is now in concealment in one of the many narrow fiords of Norway, where she is considered to be safe against attack. Note in the above picture the anti-torpedo nets which stretch along the whole length of her water-line, presumably to safeguard her against torpedo-dropping aircraft. When this picture was received here it was described merely as "a German battleship in Norway," but the Admiralty confirm that it is, in fact, none other than the *Tirpitz*. This vessel was only launched in April 1939: she is stated to be of 35,000 tons displacement, but the actual figure is undoubtedly over 40,000 tons. With a complement of 1,500, she mounts eight 15-in. guns, amongst others

THE HOMECOMING OF A CRUISER TO ITS BASE: A VESSEL OF THE SOUTHAMPTON CLASS PASSING A LIGHTHOUSE ON HER WAY INTO HARBOUR FOR A RE-FIT—AND FOR A SPELL OF LEAVE FOR THE CREW! Leave ashore at this fourth Christmas of the war will be a matter of luck for officers and crew; and it will not be all who will be able to enjoy the holiday ashore—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

AN IMPROVISED WOODEN SEXTANT SAVES A BOAT-LOAD OF TWENTY-FOUR BRITISH SEAMEN during a journey of 480 miles through shark-infested seas

Twenty-four seamen from a torpedoed British merchant ship found themselves adrift in an open boat about 600 miles from land and with their one compass out of action. The Chief Officer made a measure out of two pieces of wood, in the form of a pair of dividers. Morning and evening for eight days he used it to measure the angle of the Pole Star and calculated the boat's position. "This worked so well," he said, "that the boat was only three miles out of my reckoning when we were picked up by a Norwegian ship. We had by then sailed 480 miles through tropical waters. In a way I was rather sorry to be taken aboard this vessel, as I had set my heart on sailing all the way to port with my home-made sextant. We were followed by many sharks. One persistently tried to capsize the boat, but we frightened them all away by splashing the water with our oars"

LEAVE IN THE NAVY

And Other Naval Items Depicted by Sphere *Artists*

Leave, or "leaf," as it is universally pronounced, figures largely in the life of the lower deck. Peacetime standards used to be based on three periods of leave at Christmas, Easter and summer. War conditions made it seven days every six months, later increased to seven days every four months, subject, of course, to exigencies of the moment. Week-end leave, and shore leave, or "liberty" for a few hours, is given whenever possible. Naturally, men serving on the remoter stations fare worse for home leave, but in peacetime the practice of paying-off and recommissioning a ship every two years or so introduced opportunities for leave. In war, refitting is done at very varied intervals, but there is a fairly constant "turn-over" among the crew, reliefs arriving and ratings departing for one cause or another.

Leave is a privilege granted in consideration of efficient performance of duties and good conduct. An A.B., in the "first class" for leave, may have his leave reduced for various reasons. Late return from liberty periods ashore ("going adrift," in lower-deck parlance) is one misdemeanour which leads to a man appearing as a defaulter. The usual "tariff" is stoppage of one day's leave for every three hours a man overstays his leave.

Even in shore stations, the famous "stone frigates" such as the "Drake" at Devonport, and "Pembroke" at Chatham, ratings with an afternoon or evening off are still known as "liberty-men," and the "liberty-boat" still figures in the order of the day. Aboard ship, of course, the liberty-boat which takes the men ashore is a highly important item. As the men go overside they file past a Regulating Petty Officer, or one of the ship's police, who sees that they are neatly and properly dressed. A man may be stopped at the ship's side and told to get his hair cut, or change his collar before going ashore. Since this entails literally missing the boat, most ratings take care their appearance is up to standard.

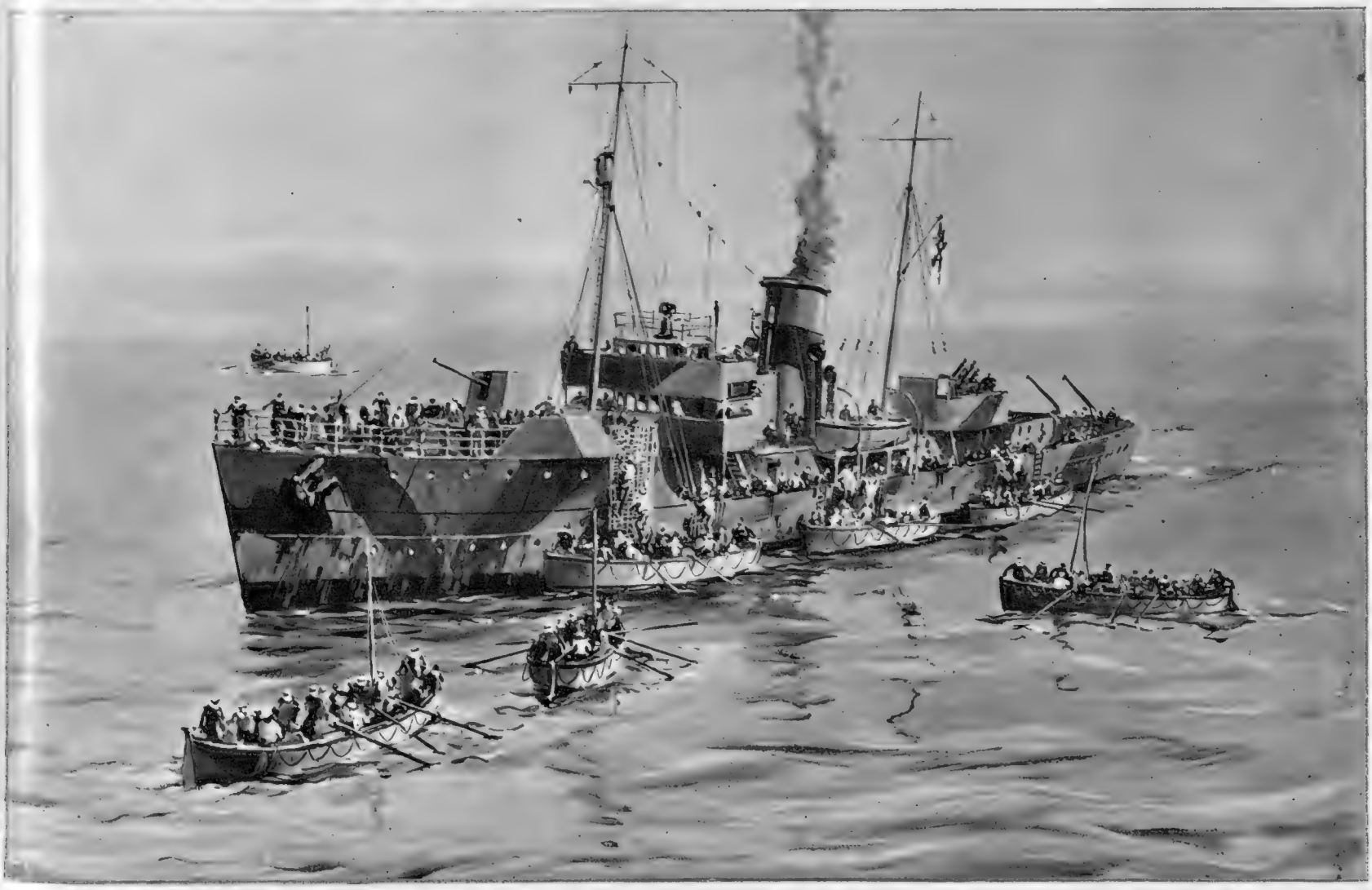
Leave is granted on exactly the same scale for all lower-deck ratings, whether they are "hostilities" men (recruits for period of the war only) or continuous service men (twelve years, plus ten years for a pension). Naturally, short-shore leave tends to be more frequent in the smaller ships, which spend a comparatively greater time in port.

One of the compensations for the dangerous job of mine-sweeping, for example, is that it is feasible only in daylight and at certain states of the tide. When not sweeping, shore leave on a fairly liberal scale can be granted. The same applies to most ships when in port, even when a ship is at half-an-hour's notice, or less for steam—i.e., able to put to sea in the period of notice. Messages flashed on cinema screens, sounding of ships' sirens, and the co-operation of civil police and naval patrols enable the liberty-men to be recalled very quickly if need be.

It should be borne in mind that refitting does not always mean leave for a ship's crew, in wartime. Often a period in port for repairs can be highly uncomfortable. The ship's power and water system may be cut off, and the crew may have to mess and sleep in whatever accommodation they can find ashore. After being in dockyard mateys' hands, too, a ship needs a thorough clean-up before she comes up to naval standards of cleanliness. And the amenities of shore life in out-of-the-way spots are not always inexpensive or durable, so the return to the smoother routine of life at sea, therefore, is not always as unwelcome as it might be thought.

Arthur Barrett

Below—When the British corvette *Petunia* picked up seven boat-loads of survivors from a torpedoed ship recently, her cooks and sick-berth attendant had the busiest twenty hours they are ever likely to have at sea. The corvette rescued 248 men, women and children: in the next twenty hours, her two Leading Cooks made 900 sausage rolls, baked 600 bread rolls, and provided stews, soups and hot vegetables for more than 300 people. In addition, the Leading Sick-berth Attendant treated 119 cases of minor injuries, and lived up to the traditional resourcefulness of the Navy by even making a teat for a baby's bottle!



SMART WORK BY A BRITISH CORVETTE: After she had picked up seven boat-loads of survivors, the next task was for the small vessel to feed them. This was achieved successfully owing to the ingenuity of the two cooks aboard the corvette—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* (See notes above)

THE SOVIET BLACK SEA FLEET IS STILL IN BEING: Nor have the Germans yet been able to put it out of action by the capture of all its bases. Here a [illegible] naval patrol (armed with guns from Britain) is seen in action against Nazi aircraft along the Caucasian coast—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The Red Fleet has played a larger part in the Caucasian operations than most people here realise. Despite the capture of some of its bases, the Germans have not yet been able to render the Black Sea Fleet harmless, and therefore they have been unable to attempt an invasion of the Caucasus region in strength across the Kerch Straits. Some of the vessels of the Fleet, it is pardonable to point out, are now armed with guns made in this country and sent in convoy to Russia. Those seen in the above drawing, equipped in this fashion, are patrol craft of the Ma[illegible] class, of which our Ally has some fourteen. They are handy vessels of 500 tons and were designed specially for coastal and "sheltered water" work. They carry as armament one 4-in. gun and anti-aircraft pom-poms. They are also fitted with minelaying gear for use against submarines

THE FIGHTING IN RUSSIA

In Caucasia and Around the Heroic City of Stalingrad

—*Special Sphere diagrams and drawings*

FOR over three months the Germans have been trying to take Tuapse, on the Black Sea. Not that Tuapse is of great importance in itself, but because it controls the coastal railway to Batum. When Maikop fell to the enemy on August 17, it must have seemed an easy matter to the German High Command for the army to cover the 70 miles to Tuapse. Krasnodar, the chief town on the Novorossisk-Stalingrad railway, was captured on August 19, cutting the railway to the main Russian naval port on the Black Sea. The two ports seemed already in German power.

Axis troops crossed the Straits of Kerch from the Crimea and reached Anapa, to the north-west of Novorossisk, on September 1, and by this time the enemy had penetrated deeply into the mountains which protected Novorossisk on the land side. There were four days of bitter, intense struggle before the Russians were driven from the town.

The Russian troops retired to the heights, north-east and north-west, and kept up, as the Germans admitted, continuous and desperate resistance, never allowing the enemy any peace. Soviet Marines, using naval guns, were fighting alongside their Army comrades, seeking to prevent any advance southward along the coast to Tuapse. The "proud success" at Novorossisk had brought little beyond possession of the naval port—no general surrender, and no nearer approach to the crushing of the Russian Fleet, which continued, from Batum, to hold complete superiority over the Black Sea. If only the Fleet could be deprived of any haven, then the Axis could land troops from Southern Russia and Rumania at Batum, in Transcaucasia, without having to cross the mountains.

The distance from Maikop to Tuapse is only 70 miles, but the way lay through the western end of the Caucasus mountains, following the railway line. Though much less formidable than in the central area, the densely-wooded mountains, with precipitous sides, were not easy to penetrate, for there was no good road suitable for tanks and heavy artillery. As week after week passed, the weather added another obstacle to overcome. Snow began to fall on September 13, and the German troops learnt that they had been misinformed concerning the temperate climate of the Caucasus.

Throughout October, the victorious Germans pressed towards Tuapse, whose capture would complete the triumph of Novorossisk and open the gateway to the coastal route to Batum. In November, with the grip of winter tightening every day, the struggle still went on. And now, in December, it looks as if the Germans will be unable to add Tuapse to their conquests this year. Owing to their defeat near Ordzhonikidze, in the Central Caucasus, and the striking success of the Russians at Stalingrad, it is unlikely that fresh troops and material can be spared for the advance on Tuapse. Three months—September, October and November—have been given up to cover the necessary 70 miles, and yet it has not been done.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR TUAPSE AND NOVOROSSISK on the Black Sea where, for over three months, the Germans have been trying to gain a more complete control over the Russians (*see* **accompanying article**)

WINTER COMES TO RUSSIA: Men and horses, as well as sledges and more primitive vehicles, have been used to provide transport for the German troops trapped between the Don and Volga. The material for this drawing comes from a picture and description published in Germany to show "the difficulties experienced by our soldiers"!—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

It is now some weeks since the first snows of the winter began to fall on the Don-Volga front: already the Germans have been experiencing their first taste of winter here—as last year they experienced it on the Moscow front. With the snowstorms came bad visibility, which grounded both air forces for some days: but this operated more to the Germans' disadvantage than to the Russians, because the enemy troops trapped between the Don and Volga were unable to receive supplies by air. The ground and roads were soon covered deep in snow. Despite German assertions that they were fully prepared for this winter's campaign, in the event it was found that, over large areas, they were relying on horsed transport and sledges, and even more primitive vehicles! Which would seem to indicate that the winter has again proved too much for their supply organisations. There are 250,000 German troops in the Stalingrad section who must be re-ammunitioned and re-victualled. The onslaught of the Russian winter will doubtless make this task one of great difficulty.

THE GERMAN FAILURE TO CAPTURE STALINGRAD, and the strategics of the Russian counter-strokes in this area: Despite the rash boasting of Hitler himself, Stalingrad did *not* fall under the heavy German attacks. Far from it! It has proved the nodal point in a terrifically powerful Russian counter-stroke which, at one time, threatened to overwhelm a large portion of the German Army. How this was achieved is indicated in the diagram above. By launching very powerful thrusts from two directions, some 250,000 Nazi troops were hurled back into a "sack," whilst other forces in Stalingrad itself concentrated on the German troops trapped within the city. It still remains to be seen whether the Nazi High Command can extricate itself from this danger area

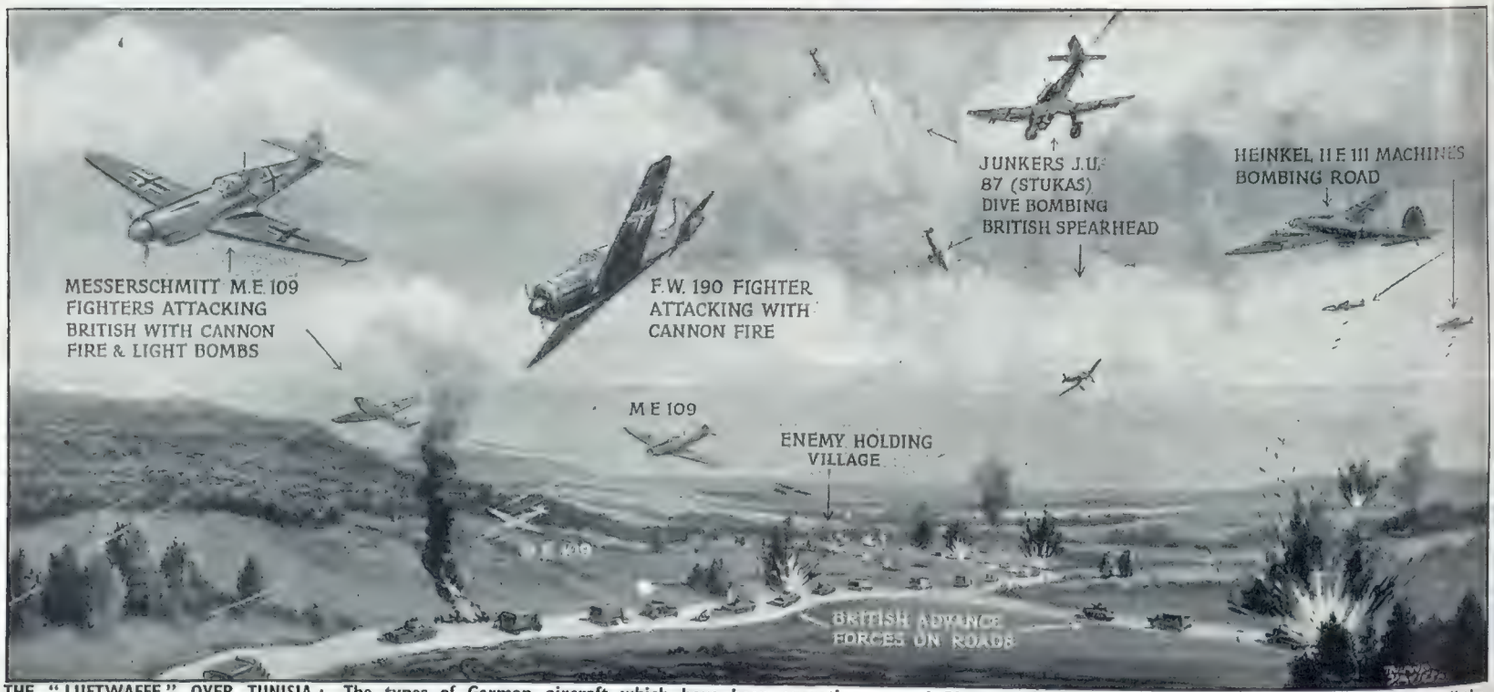
THE VANGUARD OF THE SOUTH-WEST RED ARMY closes in on the German forces before Stalingrad: Sappers clearing the snowy roads of mines sown by the enemy in retreat

THE ENEMY U-BOAT WHICH WAS DRIVEN ASHORE BY BRITISH AIRCRAFT ON THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST. Five Hudsons of Coastal Command took part in this unusual manœuvre: after it had been beached, the submarine was captured by U.S. tank forces—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

The CAMPAIGN in TUNISIA

Incidents During the Advance of the British First Army, Recorded in Drawings by Sphere Artists

The unusual incident recorded by our artist in the above drawing took place during operations off the North African coast a few days ago. Five Hudsons of the 500th (County of Kent) Squadron of Coastal Command discovered the Axis U-boat, and immediately dived down to the attack. One of them went down to within 10 ft. of the vessel before dropping its depth-charges. The submarine opened up with all its guns, and four out of the five attackers were badly damaged—but all managed to keep up the fight. In the end, the U-boat was driven on to the beach, where it was promptly captured by American tank forces. It is not unlikely that the Hudsons were engaged on anti-submarine patrol over the Bay of Biscay, and over the approaches to the Mediterranean, when they fell in with their prey: it is known that they have achieved many striking successes in these areas of late



THE "LUFTWAFFE" OVER TUNISIA: The types of German aircraft which have been operating around Bizerta and Tunis during what might be described as "the Second Phase" of the air situation in North Africa—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In last week's issue we published three diagrams in illustration of the initial stages of the air battle over Tunisia, when British and American aircraft possessed an undeniable superiority in the air. With the advance of the First Army eastwards, however, the need of bases close behind the line for our fighter aircraft began to make itself felt. Soon the enemy, reinforced from Sicily and Sardinia and other places, began to send over numbers of fighters to attack the First Army and to dive-bomb its armoured columns. For this purpose the Germans brought up aircraft of the types illustrated in this drawing: these included the well-known Messerschmitt 109 fighter, armed with cannon guns and with light bombs (like our own Hurricane); the new F.W.190 fighter, the Heinkel 111—a bomber used in the attacks on London and Britain generally; but—above all—the Stuka (the Junkers 87) dive-bomber. It was the last-named which kept attacking our advanced spearheads, and which forced a lull in our operations until our own fighters could be brought forward to cope with this menace

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Y RIDE INTO THE CONFLICT MOUNTED ON THEIR ARMOURED STEEDS—An incident, just recorded, of the manner in which the attack on General Rommel's positions machines went forward together. "We felt," said one who took part in this spectacular assault, "like the Knights of old, riding their armoured chargers." Others of the Scots Greys, when the Gordons clung to their stirrups and both went into the fray shouting "Scotland for ever!"—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

In North Africa, our own forces and Rommel's ere going through experiences similar to those of he Russians. General Ritchie's unfortunate tanks ere, almost literally, impaled on those cunningly-laced anti-aircraft guns; and Rommel himself, in urn, discovered at El Alamein that a defence could e erected beyond which the most determined anzers could not pass. But, in analysing a major ssault such as the one delivered at El Alamein, ne comes to the most significant development of ll—namely, the re-emergence of infantry as a major actor on the battlefield.

Since the independent tank thrust has become ncreasingly expensive, if not largely impracticable, he weight of the actual attack has had to be borne nore and more by motorised legions of infantry-nen. Formerly, the tanks did all the "dirty work" and the infantry had only to consolidate; now it appears that the tanks can accomplish but a part of the "dirty work," and the infantry have to assault and capture as well as consolidate many positions. This has been exemplified in all our recent attacks in the Western Desert, where sometimes the tanks have not been engaged at all.

The German attack formation as it stands to-day is known as the "Mot Pulk," a contracted term made up of the initial letters of some of the units employed. This formation was apparently originated by Rommel in Libya; it practically means a mass of all arms advancing as a whole. A strong body of armour is drawn up in the form of a hollow rectangle, acting as a shell or shield for mechanised infantry, artillery, repair shops and supply vehicles within. It is such a formation, like a Panzer division geared down and immensely expanded in terms of infantry and artillery, that the Germans have recently been reported to be using to-day.

The essential features of the new German method are the attack on a broad front and the maximum combination and simultaneous use of tank forces with mechanised infantry and other arms. As compared with the previous tactic of driving armoured wedges into different parts of the opposing line, the new mode of attack makes far greater demands on the defences. The extension of the area of onslaught to a broad front both complicates the possibilities of concentrating the defence at particularly dangerous points and makes the delivery of a counter-attack much more difficult.

In addition, the "Mot Pulk's" speed of movement and the variety of its composition, which ensures that *all arms and weapons of war appear simultaneously in the field*, shortens the action in a dramatic way, hitherto progressive phases of a battle now being telescoped into one operation.

That is the German answer to the new tactical demands brought about by the partial discomfiture of the independent tank force. The situation may perhaps be described as follows: the tank—as such—is by no means "finished." If anything, it may be at the beginning of a new era, but one in which it will be perhaps in close approximation to the large infantry models of British theory.

THERE ARE OTHER NATURAL HANDICAPS TO DESERT FIGHTING, besides sand-storms, heat and flies. This British Newsreel picture from Cyrenaica shows one of them—floods, which helped Rommel and hindered Montgomery. A long transport column with supplies for the Eighth Army fighting men ahead is delayed at a swollen water-splash on the coastal road after a heavy rain-storm

The RAIN AGAI in LIBYA, Wher the Weather Did N Prove Our ..Erie During the Pursu of Rommel

The most interesting moment in the North African war was reached on approximately November 12. A beaten Rommel was fleeing in pieces from the Egyptian frontier with the massive Eighth Army and R.A.F. close behind him. The American landings in Morocco and Algiers had succeeded and the British First Army was advancing into Tunisia. It seemed the Axis would be rapidly seized, about Tripoli, in a decisive pincers, and Sicily itself might be a battlefield any week. That was the optimism of the ignorant!

But it just happened that the Eighth Army *could not* travel faster than the Afrika Korps at this juncture, because, in addition to its other difficulties, *it was suddenly hampered by the arrival of the rains, which not only favoured the light German vehicles and slowed down the British ones, but robbed the R.A.F. of its best targets just at the crucial moment.*

The Eighth Army had already put up one magnificent show, and were even now putting up another and perhaps a still more remarkable feat, considering their heavy equipment and the rains. Perhaps they did not overtake Rommel in Cyrenaica, but they kept on his heels throughout an indescribable fortnight, and were ready to deal him a smashing blow at the end. The next days consisted in movement—endless movement and acute discomfort as the rains continued to pour.

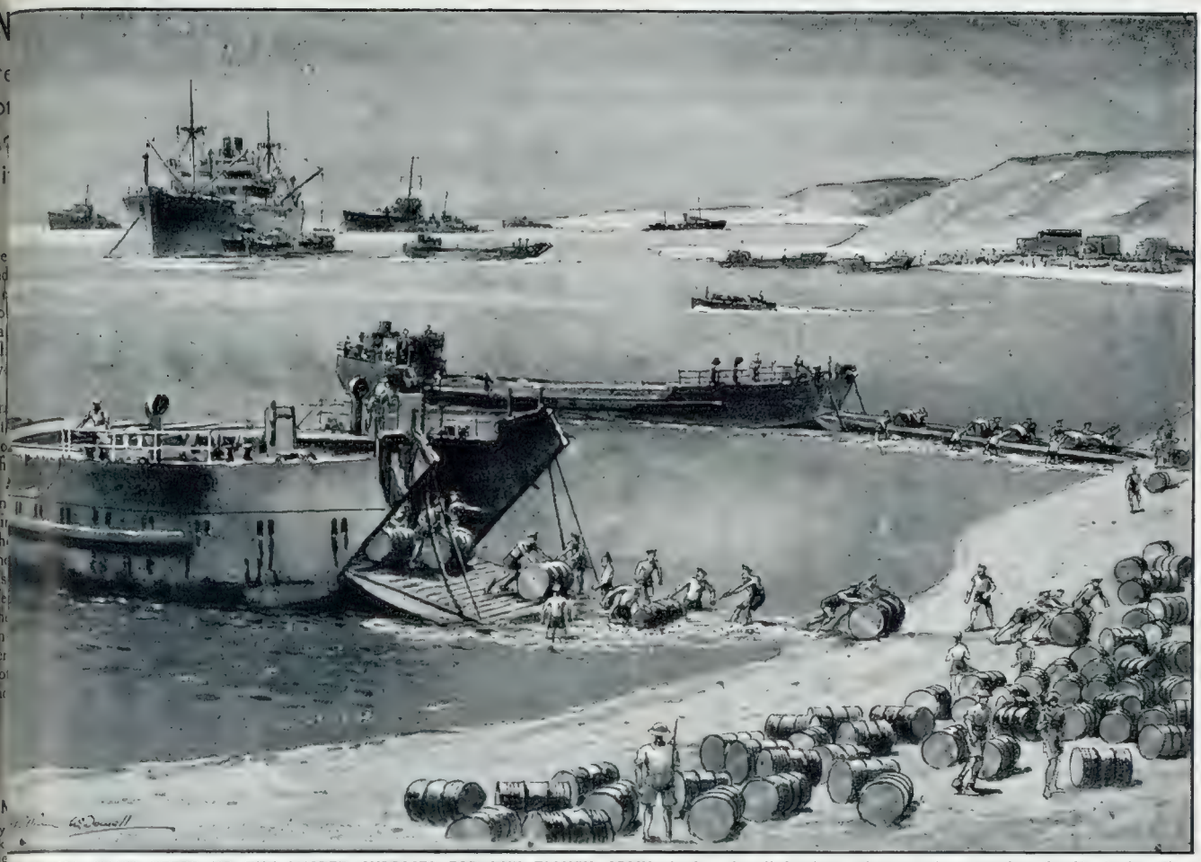
The German rearguard at Jedabia, firing with machine- and anti-tank-guns from long-prepared positions in the billowing sandhills amid the continuing rain, continued to hold the light spearhead of the Eighth Army. The R.A.F., thanks to the unfortunate weather also, was unable either to follow the movements of or harass the main Axis body, which might be preparing to stand at the fine natural position betwe the salt-marshes and the san bordered sea at El Agheila, which might be speeding even n along the road to Sirte, Misur and Tripoli, for transportation sea and air to Sicily under co of the downpour.

The German pockets on a around the road, in conjunction wi the weather and the weariness our men and transport, were suf cient to bring the spearhead to halt at last. Everything else co tinued to move; possibly the ma body of the enemy, certainly t main body of the Eighth Army a R.A.F., which, amid incredible di comfort and the inevitable muddl began to close in on the haft of t Jedabia spearhead like a giant co certina. But the point had be reached where our men could n speed forward again till they h been reinforced and relieved.

THERE ARE, OF COURSE, OTHER DRINKS BESIDES WATER (see *facing page*). **When this picture was taken, this "Recreation Room" was only 1,300 yards from an enemy position. It was a converted German dug-out—complete with electric light, benches, a table and cupboards—and was occupied by men of a Highland Division. And a few bottles of gin!**

Below—**THE NEWSVENDOR I THE DESERT:** Private Sam Ha worthy, back at his old job at Tobru He comes from Manchester, where h used to sell newspapers. To-da General Montgomery's wish is that a his men—even in the forward areas should be kept in touch with the news therefore, he has "the latest" flow up regularly from Cairo

The PROBLEM of WATER—The Biggest One of All During a Desert Campaign



THE ROYAL NAVY KEEPS UP THE WATER SUPPLIES FOR THE EIGHTH ARMY during its lightning advance, by running in Tank Landing Craft loaded with barrels of water to Sollum Harbour.—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On left—

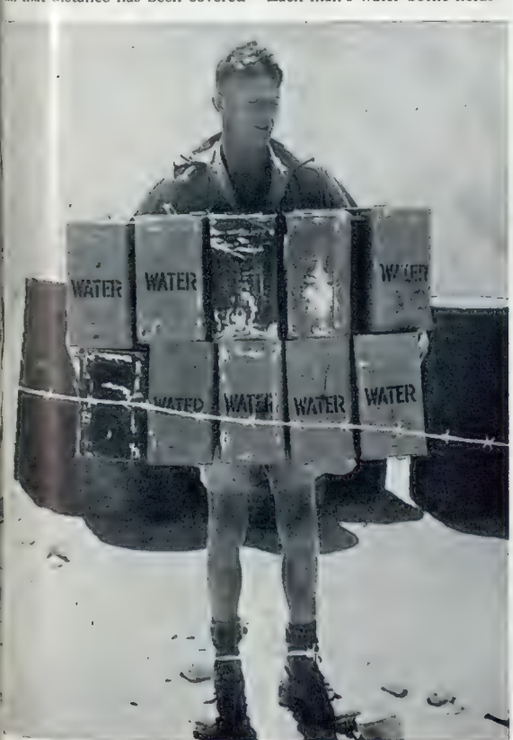
Fresh water is the most vital need of a Desert Army, and it is the Navy's job to keep the Eighth Army supplied. In a country to which every drop must be brought by sea, a vast organisation is needed to keep up a constant supply to the ever-advancing troops. The water is supplied in steel barrels, corrugated to withstand damage in transit. In the background of the drawing is a merchant ship, which cannot get nearer inshore because of the shallow water and her comparatively deep draught. She is, therefore, transhipping the barrels to Tank Landing Craft, which were brought up specially for this task. In the foreground a working party of naval ratings, mostly in bathing costumes, is rolling the barrels ashore to the beach. Beyond is another craft, which, unable to close right in, is discharging the barrels down an improvised gangway to the lorries, which are waiting to distribute them to the troops in the interior. At Sollum alone, during the advance, 33,000 barrels, each of 44 gallons, were unloaded after consignment from Alexandria

Water has lately called the tune in at least two major campaigns of this war. Not only was the advance of the Eighth Army halted on the borders of Cyrenaica and Tripolitania largely by problems of supply, among which water ranked high, but Rommel found his chosen position at El Agheila especially difficult to hold because the best water supply in the district was 15 to 20 miles to the east.

A quick glance back over this war from the beginning will reveal how the same element has consistently governed operations. Most of the greatest disasters, from Singapore and Hong Kong to Sebastopol, have been caused partly by thirst or the fear of it. Wavell's concern for logistics, or the management of supply, alone enabled him to defeat superior Italian armies in arid country. The fighting in Crete was mainly for aerodromes and wells. Our men behind the El Alamein positions had a good water supply from the Nile Valley, whereas Rommel had to bring up most of his water by vulnerable lorry and barge.

Water discipline is accordingly an important part of military training. Since the natural cooling of the body depends on the evaporation of water from the body, it follows that the quantity of liquid in the body is bound to fall on the march. About one quart is lost every 7½ miles. Therefore drinking is not allowed till that distance has been covered. Each man's water-bottle holds one quart, which must be made to last at least 15 miles, after which it is filled from the sterilised water in accompanying water-trucks or trailers, the latter being themselves refilled with water clarified in the filters attached and set to chlorinate as the march continues. Water from unofficial sources must never be used.

HOW THE ENGINEERS FOLLOWED UP THE FIGHTING MEN THROUGH THE DESERT: Sappers relaying the water pipe-line immediately after the British occupation of El Daba



HOW THE WATER IS FINALLY DISTRIBUTED: In petrol tins by personal messenger! A scene at an Australian watering point in Egypt

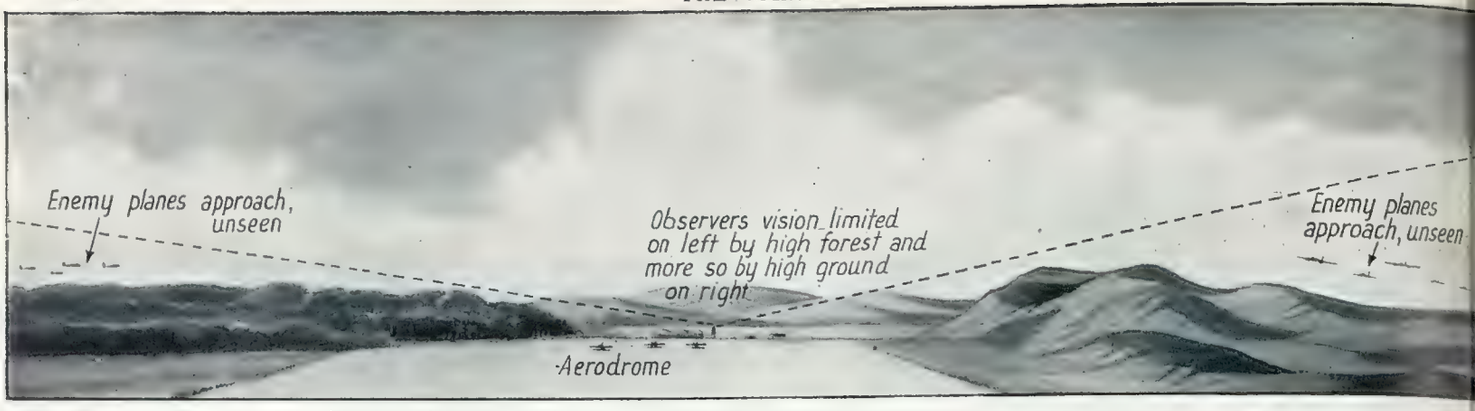
Water provision is the care primarily of the Royal Engineers, who have to construct pipe-lines, conduits and tanks; the Royal Army Medical Corps, who have to maintain hygiene by chlorination and the like; and the Royal Army Service Corps, who have to provide transport. Consider the North African campaigns: Sometimes it has been possible to supply the troops by pipeline, as in the El Alamein sector and between such places as Bardia and Sollum—we have twice forced Axis garrisons of Sollum to surrender by cutting that vital pipe—while often the fighting has automatically centred round oases with good wells (wherever there is a mosque there is water).

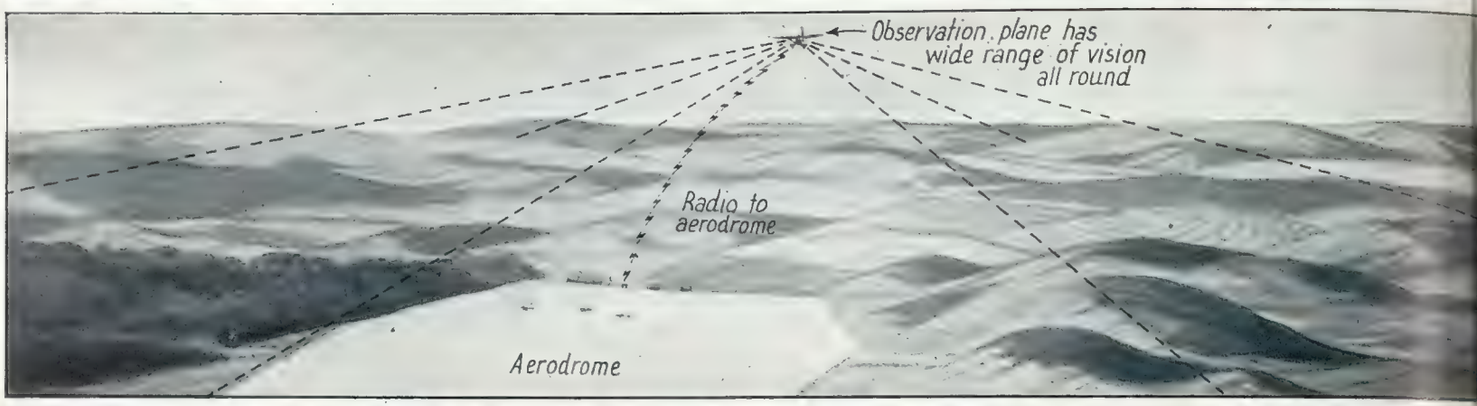
But only too often the men have had to rely entirely on carriers, and, when those have been left behind, bogged or hit, on small containers brought with them. It should be remembered, moreover, that the men themselves are by no means the only consumers of water in a mechanised army. Tanks use gallons a day in hot weather; all kinds of motor transport and many kinds of aircraft absorb the element freely. At least, they do not require drinking water, so that the men can supply their needs and those of machine-gun coolers by some very queer means at times. It can be seen how a modern army in an arid terrain can be slowed down by enemy interference with its supplies; and it is probably the case that the Axis bombers in Tunisia have often aimed deliberately at water-carriers on the roads and railways.

In such an emergency alternative means of supply must be improvised. We have frequently called in the Navy to help by transporting water-casks up coasts along which we have been fighting, and the Germans have made great use of aircraft, even devising a metal cask so sprung and padded that it can be dropped from the air. They have recently been employing these in the Stalingrad sector.

When it is considered that an army of 100,000 men requires, on the move, at least 50,000 gallons of water a day for drinking purposes alone, and that the transport absorbs many times as much, it will be appreciated why correspondents spoke with some concern from Tunisia and Cyrenaica about the destruction of wells.

Even when, however, the water is available, it should not be thought that the soldier's problems are over. It has to be made fit for use—most ailments in hot countries come through the agency of water—and then the poor fellow can at last sit down to a nice draught of something that tastes like the drainings from a municipal baths. When asked for their outstanding memory of the siege, men who were in Tobruk uniformly execrated the water, with its strong taste of chlorine.





IN SEVERAL THEATRES OF WAR AIRCRAFT HAVE BEEN CAUGHT ON THE GROUND in enemy bombing raids owing to the fact that observation of the enemy's approach was limited by surrounding high ground or by trees. A patrolling, or reconnaissance, plane flown from the aerodrome liable to attack would discount this; the patrol aircraft would have a wide range of vision, and information could be wirelessed back to the aerodrome where waiting planes could then be dispersed by the ground staff. The two drawings above show how the scheme would work: but local conditions might make it impracticable for an observation aircraft to be on duty every minute of the daylight hours!—*Drawings by L. Ashwell Wood*

"LEAP-FROG" TACTICS of the R.A.F.

Which Proved a Great Success in Egypt

Described by PETER LIPSCOMB

MUCH of the credit for Rommel's headlong and disastrously expensive flight out of Egypt must be awarded to the R.A.F.

It was their *continuous* bombing and strafing of the retreating enemy and their *continuous* protective umbrella over our advancing forces that denied Rommel the opportunity to regroup, that dragged ever lower the Germans' morale, that kept the skies above the Eighth Army clear of Nazi aircraft.

This *continuous* activity, involving new and extremely intricate methods of organisation, co-operation and supply on the part of the R.A.F. command, was something new in desert warfare. Nearly always in previous campaigns a rapidly advancing army has rapidly outstripped its air force as its main air bases were left behind.

Correspondents have described the amazing sight almost at the spearhead of our advancing columns of great R.A.F. convoys. Only a short distance behind the mine-clearing sappers, the tanks and shock infantry have come hundred upon hundred of R.A.F. trucks and petrol tanks—laden with thousands of aircraftmen; with bombs, flares, machine-gun and cannon ammunition; with spare engines and propellors and tens of thousands of other spare parts; with radio installations; with mobile workshops and control rooms; with water and food. With them have travelled the Engineers and their sometimes massive apparatus—ready to clear wrecked enemy planes, remove mines and booby traps, repair wrecked runways and buildings and fill in craters.

The result of all this organisation is that captured enemy airfields have often been in full use a few hours after our bombs were falling on them. The R.A.F. have been able to "leap-frog" forward as fast as, and sometimes faster than the Army itself.

How great this task has been may be judged by the fact that over 120 enemy airfields in Egypt and Libya were recaptured, and put into commission by the R.A.F. in the first four weeks of the campaign.

The R.A.F. Regiments—formed after Dunkirk to *protect* home aerodromes—have taken the offensive. At the start of Alexander's advance they stormed and seized two great grounds at El Daba and Fuka. These had been subjected to the greatest blitzes ever by the R.A.F., and were covered with wreckage and craters. Yet, almost within hours our fighters were flying from them to give cover to the advancing ground forces.

And meanwhile the great R.A.F. convoys were forging ahead to prepare the next airfields.

The incredible speed of this new "leap-frog" technique was illustrated by two Australian fighter squadrons which travelled forward 800 miles in 14 days. In six vast strides they covered the desert from near Alexandria to the Jebel country. While Rommel was streaming back through Benghazi their short-range fighters were able to harass his men and transport. Fighters, it is true, need less heavy equipment than bombers. On firm sand they can dispense with runways. Essentials in fuel and ammunition can be flown forward. But the main bulk of maintenance equipment, of oil and of A.-A. armament have to travel all the way by land.

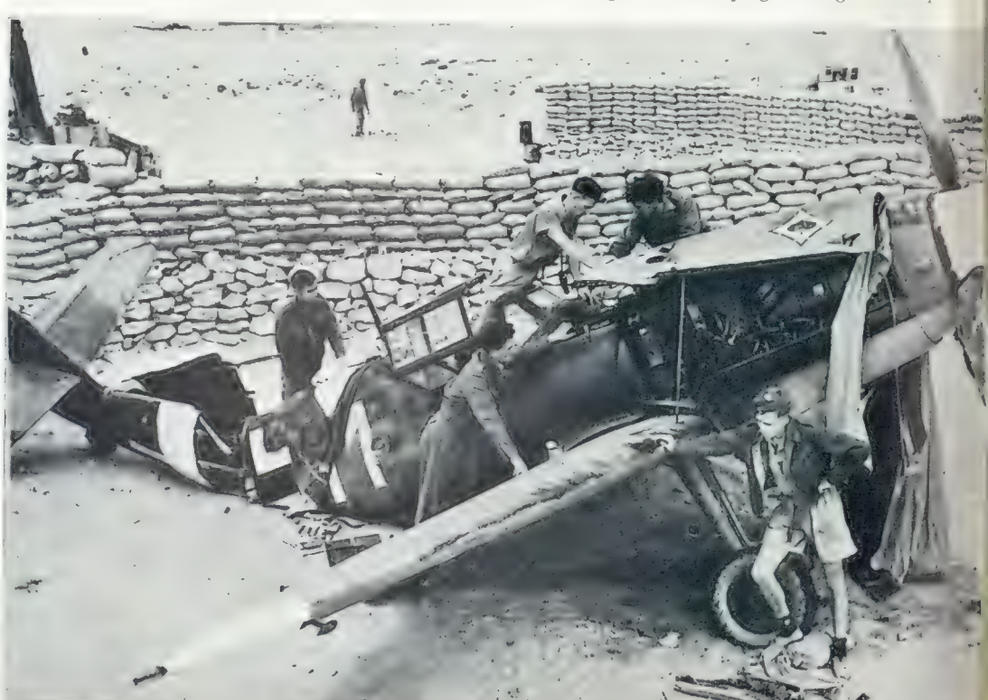
Describing the "leap-frog" technique, correspondents have stated that R.A.F. aircraft taking off on a raid or strafe from one ground have often been radioed to land again at another 50 or even 100 miles nearer the enemy, which has been prepared while they were in the air.

One R.A.F. officer commanding a forward airfield told how his ground crew unloaded supplies from twenty-four aircraft, and had them in the air again from the new ground within 65 minutes.

Engineer units attached to the R.A.F. are trained in the hard and often dangerous job of clearing and "rehabilitating" captured airfields. Well to the fore of the advancing army, they take over each field as it is captured.

Their first task is to remove the débris of destroyed, and sometimes intact, enemy planes, deliberately scattered over the ground to prevent landings by our aircraft. Recently the Germans have become very adroit in scattering booby traps among this wreckage—usually in the form of small mines, bombs or grenades which explode when a trip wire in the wreckage is moved.

The Germans have also taken to burying powerful landmines beneath the concrete runways, in the hope of destroying landing British planes.



HOW THE GERMANS TRIED TO PROTECT THEIR AIRCRAFT during the non-stop desert assaults of the R.A.F. They erected sandbag barriers and stone walls to act as blast bays; but this did not render the grounded aeroplanes immune from attack. The Allied Salvage units have since been able to recover a great deal of valuable war material from abandoned Axis aircraft scattered all over the desert. This Me.109F fighter was left a wreck, with a broken back, between the stone and sandbag walls which were erected to protect it from bombs

Sometimes these can be spotted by newly-filled holes in the concrete, but on a much-patched runway this is not always possible. The Engineers must then "sweep" the whole length of the runways with their listening apparatus—which looks just like a domestic vacuum cleaner.

The Engineers have to travel with heavy machinery, including concrete-mixers, bulldozers, and the like. For runways must be repaired, great craters filled, branch railway lines laid down, and a score of other constructional jobs carried out in a hurry.

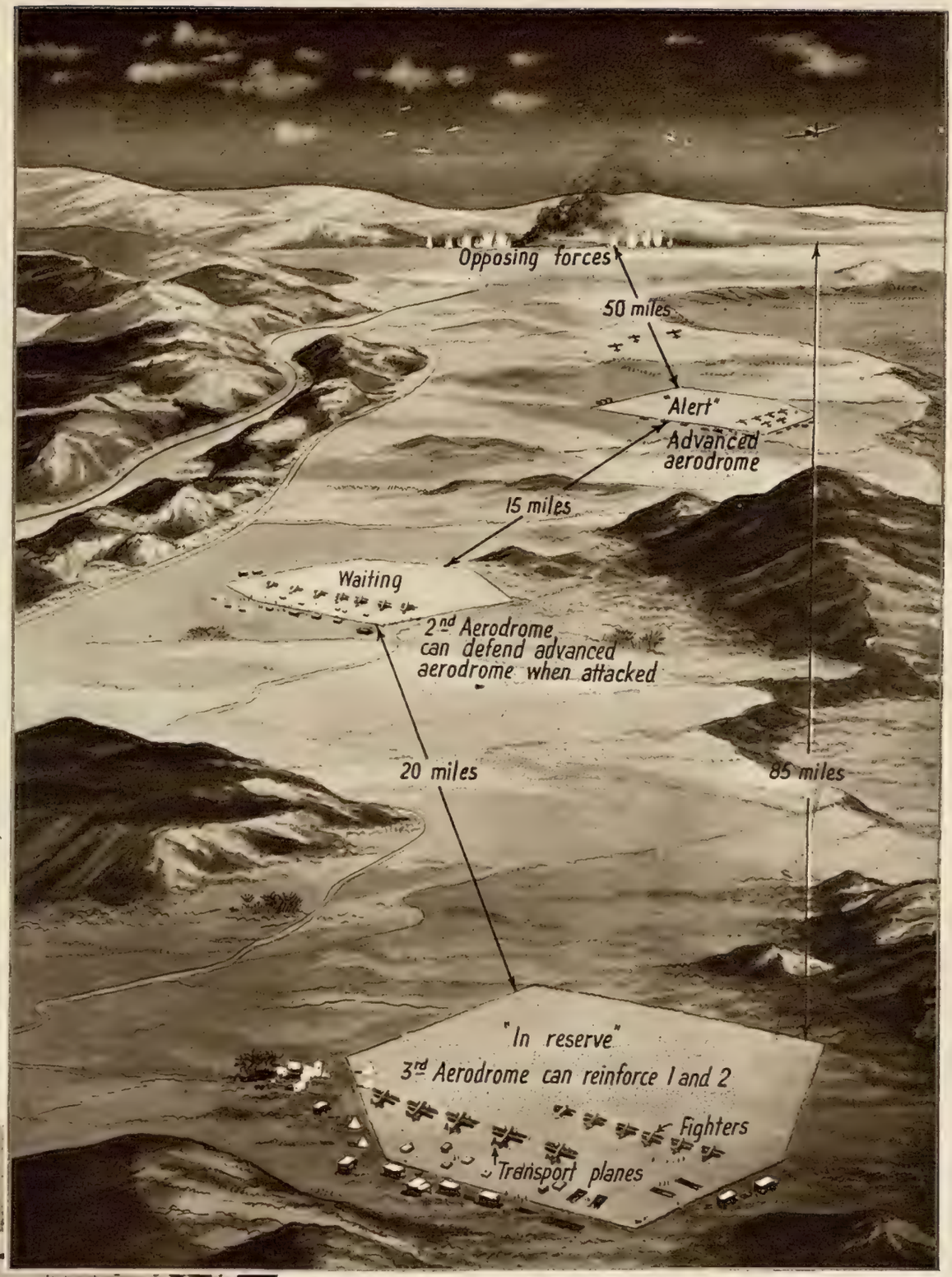
While the R.A.F. Engineers are doing these jobs, the R.A.F. Signals units will be getting to work. Efficient communications with Army and R.A.F. commands, at rear and forward and with observer posts ahead, are absolutely vital to any airfield. Not only so that orders for offensive and defensive flights can be carried out, but so that the airfield can be warned of approaching "dune-hopping" Axis aircraft which would otherwise be upon it before our pilots could even run to their planes.

With their "cable spewers" which can throw out 'phone wire as they travel at 30 m.p.h., the R.A.F. Signals men are able to wire up a new landing ground within a few hours.

Before a new airfield can be consolidated thousands of tons of equipment must be moved up, and hundreds of personnel. Enormous fuel reserves must be brought by road and stored in underground tanks (often new tanks have to be dug and concreted). The same with bombs and ammunition. Workshops and spares by the tens of thousands. A.-A. guns. Gun emplacements dug and concreted. Bomb shelters dug. Offices, control rooms, messes, and sleeping quarters built or rebuilt.

A great staff must be brought forward—flight riggers and fitters, mechanics, armourers, ground crews, radio mechanics, even blacksmiths, instrument repairers, parachute packers, carpenters and cooks.

But the wonderful work that can be done "on a shoe string" has been proved by our super "leap-froggers," who installed a secret R.A.F. airfield deep within the enemy's lines during the last campaign. From this collection of trucks and tents, they harassed Rommel's retreating columns when the Germans must have considered themselves far out of danger.



A PROBLEM WHICH HAS ARISEN IN NORTH AFRICA: In order to secure proper fighter protection for an advancing army, a whole chain of aerodromes is needed: this is because of the necessity for mutual protection; and in order to secure the transportation of spare parts to the forward area. The rearward fields cover the forward ones from attack—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

HOW AXIS TRANSPORT WAS HARRIED UNMERCIFULLY by the R.A.F. "Shuttle Service." Bombs dropping from Allied medium bombers amongst Axis vehicles dispersed beside a road in the Western Desert

IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMAN RETREAT FROM EGYPT: British transport at the top of the Halfaya Pass moving up past wrecked enemy vehicles. This spot was made the target of our bombers and the damage caused to the Axis was indescribable

SMALL TAILS WAG BIG PLANES

The Reasons Behind the Design of the Tail-units of Modern Fighters and Bombers

A Note by B. TUNBRIDGE

HIGH in the clouds, 25,000 ft. or more above the earth, swift modern fighters make a protecting umbrella above bombers taking their heavy loads of destruction towards enemy targets. A break in the clouds, and watchful fighter pilots see waiting Messerschmitts ready to pounce on the precious air convoy. A flick of the stick, and zoom! . . . the British fighters swoop down to attack.

Every time such an incident happens, a great tribute is unconsciously paid to the men who design our planes. The fact that such a sudden strain can safely be put on the tail of a machine proves that aeronautical engineers have succeeded in not only keeping pace with the needs of present-day combat machines, but have been able to produce planes which give their pilots confidence to take great risks.

The science of aerodynamics has made tremendous strides in recent years. Streamlining, engine design, constructional materials, and all the improvements that new experience and wider needs have brought forth have made changes in the appearance of aircraft. The tail-unit of a modern plane has changed greatly since early planes displayed great box-like contraptions at the back, which were held together with wire and struts pointing in every direction.

As it is to this tail-unit that the pilot owes a great deal of his control over the plane, it is well worth seeing how the designers have been able to make the present-day small surface put such powerful monsters through their paces.

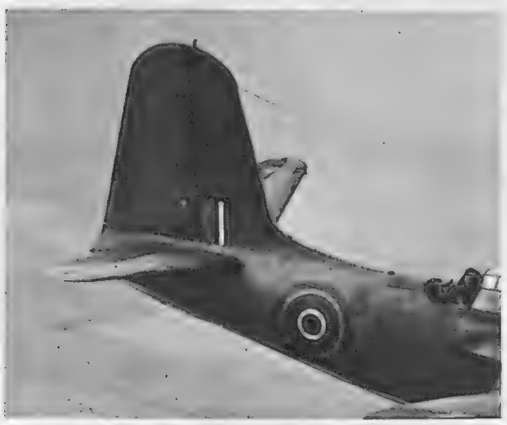
A simple illustration of the relation between speed and the size of the tail-unit can be seen by looking at pictures of a last-war bomber, compared with a modern one, and a high-speed fighter. The old plane has a large tail-unit; it was designed for a speed around 100 miles an hour. The modern giant raider has a smaller tail in proportion to its overall size: its speed is around 200 m.p.h. The fighter's is much smaller: it travels at over 300 m.p.h.

Fortunately, the modern bomber is not called upon to stand up to the sudden strains of the fighter. Its movements are much more leisurely—they need to be when the many tons of weight is borne in mind. The bomber still has a fairly large tail-unit, but if increased speed and modern design had not decreased its size, it would look out of all proportion to what we see to-day.

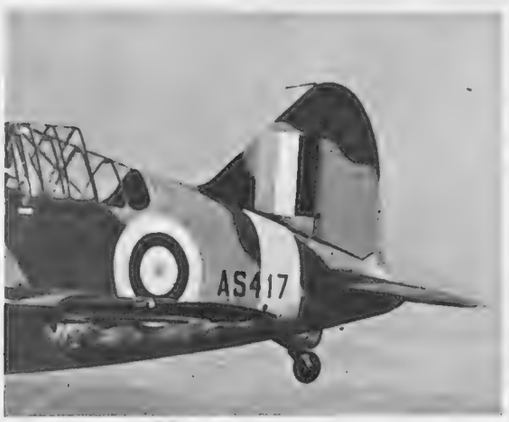
With aeroplane development, greater speed has meant reduction in tail-unit area. When a plane is travelling slowly through the air, a greater surface is needed both for lifting and controlling it. Years ago, big rudders and tail-planes were necessary, but as speed has increased, the surface area of both these members has been reduced. If the tail-plane is too big in relation to the speed of the machine, it will cause drag, and the strength of the main construction will be appreciably reduced. The methods by which the elevators in the tail of a plane and the rudder control flight are very closely allied. Gravity is at work all the time a plane is in the air. When the pilot wants to turn his machine to the left, he does very much the same thing as you do when you ride a bicycle. He tips it towards the direction in which the turn is to be made. When he does that, the angle of the plane to the horizontal may become such that the rudder becomes the controlling surface which keeps the nose up or down.

It is when sudden turns are made, or the plane is pulled out of a dive, that tremendous strain is exerted on this tail-unit. If the movement is

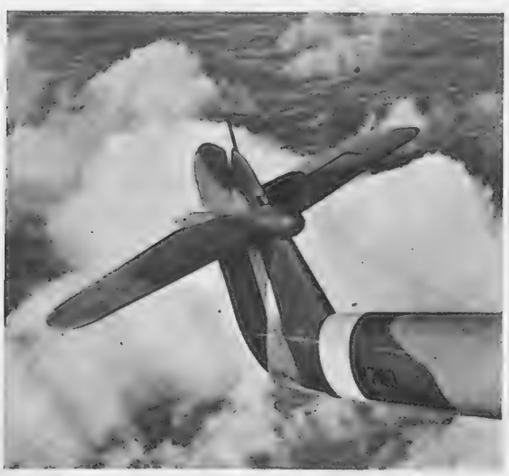
This is the tail of the huge Catalina flying-boat: The actual tail-plane is set halfway up (somewhat like the Whirlwind at the bottom of this column of pictures)



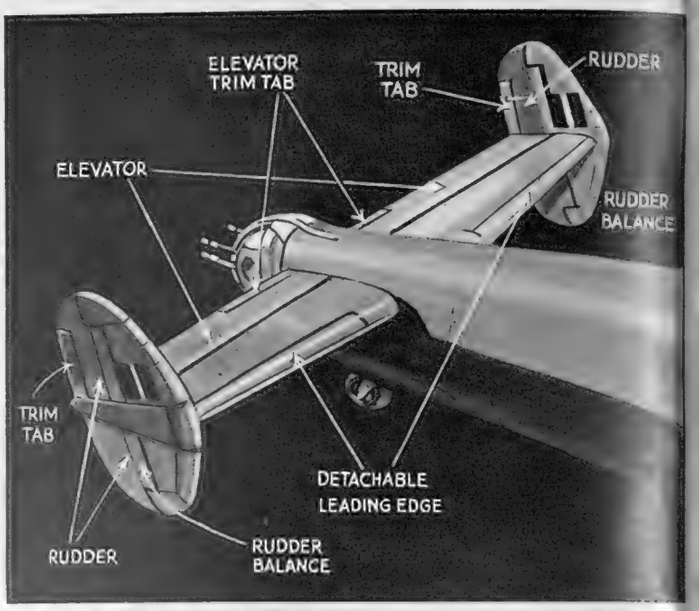
The tail-unit of a Boston III. Bomber. This rises in a gentle sweep from the fuselage and presents a most harmonious appearance to the whole aircraft



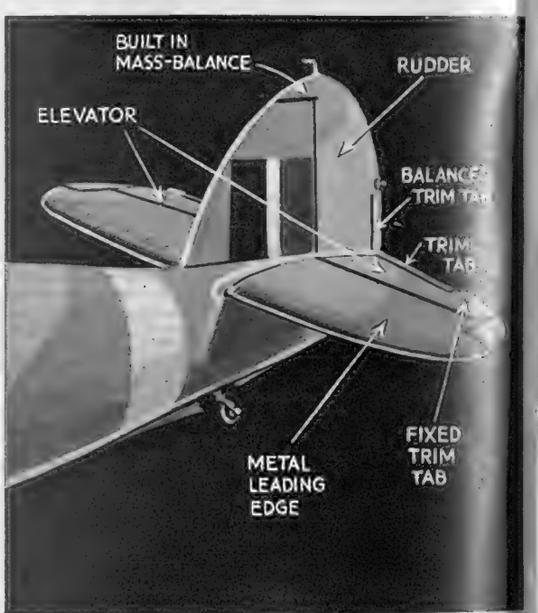
The chubby Brewster Buffalo, with a tail which seems to grow naturally out of the fuselage. It typifies current design in modern U.S. fighter aircraft



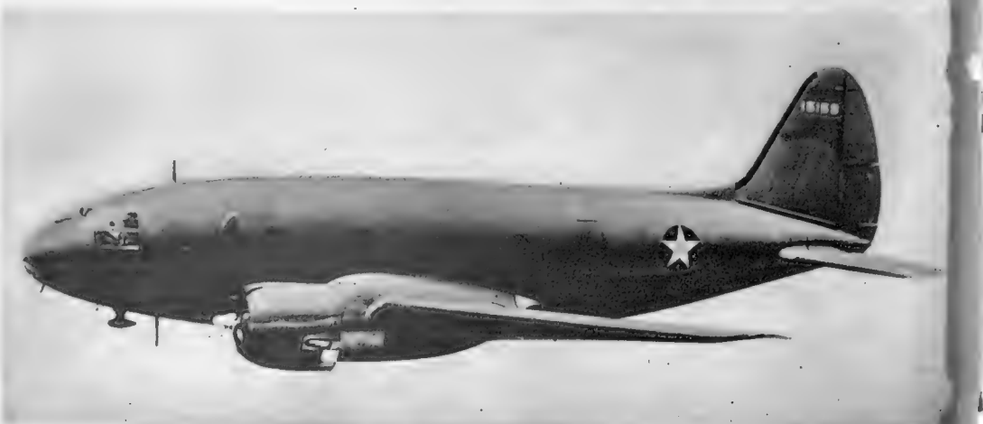
The Whirlwind is unique amongst British aircraft, in that its tail plane is set very high indeed in the rear fin. This gives the aircraft a most distinctive appearance



How the tail-unit is built up on the big Halifax, with rudders at each end and power-operated turret in the centre



The tail of a Hurricane fighter. This and the upper drawing indicate modern tendencies in big bomber and small fighter. Modern speeds put a great strain on the tail-unit: the size of these has been reduced greatly, as compared with some of the older types



A very little tail for a very big aircraft: An impression of a Curtiss Commando air-liner in flight. This is a modern U.S. design, with comparatively small tail and low-set tail-plane

gradual, as it was when planes flew around 100 miles an hour, the strain is small, but modern combat conditions require sudden manœuvring at great speeds, and the tail has to be built to withstand it.

As the purpose of the tail-unit is to stabilise the plane in flight, particularly in the fore-and-aft direction, it acts in a somewhat similar way to the keel of a ship. Without stability for the nose and tail of an aeroplane, there would be need for a tremendous amount of skill to rectify the effects of air-pockets and bumpy weather. The tail and rudder take care of this, but sudden changes of direction put more strain on them now that speeds are around 400 miles an hour.

The normally oval construction of the tail-plane is reduced in size to avoid over-control, and specially strengthened to do its job. The two main spars are covered either with fabric or stressed metal skin, and internal bracing is provided to give the extra strength needed.

When a plane is in flight, it is kept in the air mainly by what is technically known as "lift." This simply means that the force exerted, which prevents the machine dropping like a stone to earth, is the action of air passing over the wing surfaces and pulling them upwards. Upon the stability, or, as we have seen, the correct design of the tail-unit, will depend the ability of a modern plane to fly and fight.

Big tails went with slow speeds, and in their place are small, rigidly-built units made possible by the production of stronger alloys and greater skill in constructional design. The pilot still in the main controls his plane by rudder and tail, but in modern planes there is less to wag than in the early days of aviation.

An American bomber with twin tail: The giant Liberator, which is used for patrolling the Atlantic and for attacks on enemy-occupied territory

A typical twin-tail aircraft: The huge Halifax four-engined bomber, which gives a British version of the wide-spaced twin tail

What the twin tail looks like in actual flight—a head-on view of another British bomber, the big two-engined Avro Manchester

THE NAVY NOW HAS UP-TO-DATE FIGHTER PLANES WHICH THEY OPERATE FROM THE DECKS OF AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS: Hurricanes taking off during battle at sea—"It is the first time the Navy has gone to sea with up-to-date fighters"—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The remark quoted above was made by an officer who took part in the North Africa landings, when aircraft flown from the decks of carriers provided the cover which was necessary for the success of the whole operation. Hitherto, other types of aeroplane have been used—and with good effect—by the Royal Navy: but the Hurricane is, of course, in a class by itself as a fighter. Recently, it was announced that this type had been successfully adapted for stowage in Carriers, and that it had already demonstrated its great capabilities in combat. The drawing by Mr. Davies above gives an impression of the manner in which the Sea-Hurricanes are being operated by the Royal Navy to-day

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS DAY

Before and Since the War—Rabat, New York and Blacked-out London

By CHARLES GRAVES

HERE is the story of my last five Christmases—partly escapist, but mostly realistic.

The Christmas of 1937 I spent in Rabat. Someone had said to me: "It is going to be one of the hottest spots, unless Hitler goes for Poland first." Rabat is the principal residence of the Sultan of Morocco, and also of the Resident-General of France in Morocco—General Nogues himself. There is no doubt that the French military authorities know how to make themselves comfortable. General Nogues's residence looks like the home of a Californian millionaire, with cypresses, palms, and cyclamen outside. The Sultan's palace is a green-and-white tiled rambling affair. It borders a huge field something like the north end of Hyde Park. In the centre of it is a mosque. On the far side are the white barracks of the Sultan's bodyguard.

I also paid a visit to the memorial to Field-Marshal Lyautey, the man who made French Morocco. He lies in a slim grey marble sarcophagus. Overhead is a green conical roof.

The Citadel of Rabat is magnificent. It has a lovely garden full of roses, grape-fruit trees, banana trees, tangerine trees, bougainvillea, laurels, clematis, and a fountain.

I had my Christmas dinner at the Balima. It was a twelve-course affair, beginning with oysters, and proceeding by way of turkey and foie gras, asparagus and tangerines, and further embellished with Christmas pudding. It was lovely sunny weather, and I certainly envy the American troops their Christmas there this week.

On Christmas Day, 1938, I breakfasted at the Savoy Plaza in New York off orange-juice, eggs, and bacon *ad lib*. Outside there were Christmas-trees everywhere—on Wall Street, on Fifth Avenue, even in the social clubs like the University. Everyone in America who can scrape together a few cents has a Christmas-tree, I found. Usually it is placed in the front window of a house, and the blinds are never drawn, so that all the neighbours can look in. I wonder whether the blue-out in New York has killed this practice?

From the Savoy Plaza we drove through Central Park and along the Hudson River, past suburbs like Fort Lee and Hackensack. Our lunch was at Hutton Park, which is a typically Victorian house, both inside and out, made of red brick, and full of oil paintings and nineteenth-century furniture. The Christmas Day lunch was preceded by old-fashioned cocktails. Apart from this, it was all very English, with champagne and Christmas pudding, set alight with brandy.

After lunch, we took a salutary walk through the brisk, cold air to an egg-nog party. This was given in a private house which could not have contrasted more with our hotel in New York. It was small and dark, with brass candelabra, dimity window-curtains, pewter mugs, and all that. Finally, we drove back in a motor-coach, which rushed past the neon lights of delicatessen stores, over a toll-bridge, through the Holland Tunnel, and so to Times Square. As we drove along, we saw Christmas-trees in every front window of every single house. We then made our way back by taxicab to our hotel, where I was invited by a total stranger to cocktails composed of Cuban rum and champagne in equal measures. I decided to dine in bed that night. . . .

But even as I went to sleep I realised that this might well be the last Christmas before the world war. . . .

These last three Christmases have all found me in London. Christmas of 1939 coincided with the arrival of the first Australian airmen, who were promptly attached to Coastal Command. Much as one hates to admit it now, Joseph Kennedy's statement about it being a "phoney" war would have been largely justified if he had made an exception of the activities of the Royal Navy. The *Graf Spee* had been recently scuttled; our hunt for U-boats was as grim and dangerous as it is to-day; but the B.E.F. in France had so far had only two men killed in action — Corporal Priday (December 10, 1939) and Corporal McGillicuddy (December 23, 1939). I saw their graves near Charly later on. The skirmishes among the woods east of Metz was the only fighting that the British Army had had on the Continent.

One of the great features of Christmas Day in England was the Empire programme, incorporating Australian munition workers, New Zealand sheep-farmers, Northumbrian villagers and Welsh choral singing.

Italy was not yet in the war, and I had a round of golf with Quaglino, now languishing in Rome. I dined at the Savoy, where Christmas crackers were pulled, toy balloons pricked, paper caps donned, and nobody except Naval officers and Royal Air Force officers seemed to realise what lay ahead. There was a widespread belief that Hitler and Great Britain had agreed to a kind of armistice over the Christmas period.

By Christmas 1940 we were all older and wiser. The London "blitz" had been in full swing for nearly four months. On Christmas Eve the Pope broadcast. He produced five more or less new points, and made it clear that he objected to Hitler's New Order. The shops were crowded, and London was very full. It seemed possible that Hitler would follow his policy of appeasing the Pope by having no air raids over Christmas, as the latter had suggested a few days before.

Turkeys were quite easily obtainable in the Christmas of 1940. So were coloured streamers—for that was before the days of paper-salvage.

The Empire broadcast began with the bells of Coventry Cathedral. In the afternoon I went to see a movie at the Empire. The Odeon had reopened its doors, but the Leicester Square Theatre was still out of commission. I dined at the Dorchester, and, at the request of my hostess, wore a dinner-jacket self-consciously. I have not worn one since.

There were no bombs on Boxing Day, but at 4.30 a.m. the next morning, the Germans started to shell Dover, and the R.A.F. was in the meantime bombing the invasion ports. For there was another flap about invasion. That night, the West End of London was bombed again.

The Christmas of 1941 was pretty gloomy. The public did not realise how successful the Russian counter-offensive had become. It is true that we had captured Benghazi, but Hong Kong's fall was announced; the Prime Minister was in Washington; Hitler had just announced that his intuition led him to become Generalissimo, and, in fact, to take charge of the whole conduct of the war; Senator Nye was announcing in the United States that England had been trying for months to get Japan to attack the United States, and was still violently Isolationist, despite the loss of *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales;* turkeys were very expensive and hard to find; members of the Home Guard were allowed to have a 48-hour break in their training, though thousands of them all over the country had, of course, to mount guard as usual.

Personally, I dined at the Berkeley, which was full of hectic gaiety. It had been necessary to book a table nearly a fortnight previously. It was, too, the last Christmas dinner before Lord Woolton's austerity campaign in the restaurants. When, I wonder, will we be able once again to have a good, old-fashioned Christmas dinner? Next year? Some time? Never?

P.S.—I make no apologies for the many references to food. After all, it has completely taken the place of the weather as the chief topic of conversation—outside actual discussion of the war.

SCHOOLS TO HELP IN THE SORTING OF CHRISTMAS MAIL: A scene at the Reading Main Post Office. Older boys and girls from secondary schools all over the country were asked to volunteer for work on the days before Christmas. No child under fifteen was accepted, and boys and girls of over sixteen were preferred. They are working for about eight hours a day—girls helping to sort letters and parcels, whilst the older boys deliver them. The pay is governed by age, the hours worked and the place of employment; and the rates have been fixed by the Post Office in consultation with the local employment authorities. Instruction in the work was given either in school or at the local post office

THE PANTOMIME GOES ON: The troupe of Tiller Girls being fitted for the costumes they are to wear this year in the London Coliseum presentation of "Mother Goose." These girls are all too young for the Women's Services or otherwise exempt from the universal call-up

STALINGRAD, CHRISTMAS 1942

SMASHED GERMAN FIGHTING MACHINES IN THE NORTH-WEST OF STALINGRAD, where Soviet troops repulsed German counter-attacks by armoured columns and infantry in the period before Christmas, inflicting heavy losses in enemy men and materials

A DETACHMENT OF SAPPERS ATTACHED TO A RUSSIAN GUARDS REGIMENT listening to a lecture and explanations of the recent offensive given by their C.O. at a snow-covered camp. Communications and transport difficulties often cause an absence of newspapers; but by means of these talks every man is kept informed of the progress of the war

A RUSSIAN ACTRESS ENTERTAINS SOVIET TROOPS: Zinaida Rudneva, of the Red Army Theatre, gives a recital to front-line troops in the open air under the birch-trees

A BITTER CHRISTMAS FOR MANY RUSSIANS—A WOMAN HOUSEHOLDER SEARCHING AMIDST THE RUINS OF HER FORMER HOME IN THE HEROIC CITY OF STALINGRAD. With the German troops being slowly driven out of the city, a few of the townsfolk who had left during the fierce fighting are now beginning to return in an endeavour to begin life afresh in the battered, but never-conquered, city

AWAY FROM THESE WARS. . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

CLIO'S IMPS.—In a recent paragraph I made reference to a sentence from Lytton Strachey's *Books and Characters*: "Clio is the most glorious of the Muses, but . . . she is apt to be pompous. Fortunately . . . the Fates decreed that in her stately advances she should be accompanied by certain apish, impish creatures who run round her tittering, pulling long noses . . . sometimes whisking to one side a corner of her drapery and revealing her undergarments in a most indecorous manner. . . . They are the diarists, letter-writers, gossips and journalists of the past, the Pepys, Walpoles, Saint-Simons, whose function it is to reveal the littleness underlying great events, and to remind us that history itself was once real life."

1. SAILOR IN WARTIME: A picture study taken on board a British man of war, showing the wartime kit of a sailor on the high seas, redolent of the old days of buccaneers!

As a paragraph, it is unexceptionable in general terms, in style and humour. In particular, it does less than justice to the "imps" and to their tremendous contribution not only to the liveliness, but to the truth of history. Without the light shed by some of them, there would be dark ages in comparatively modern history. I cannot imagine a better subject for an essay by an expert than this of *Clio's Imps*. In default of a better man, I shall try it myself.

What of the Pastons, the Verneys, Pepys, Thurloe, Walpole, Greville, Creevey?

True, there were always State Papers, filed and guarded; and perhaps Thurloe is too dignified a figure for inclusion among the imps. But the romance of the finding of his invaluable Commonwealth papers by a visiting parson (*temp.* William III) in the ceiling of his old rooms at Lincoln's Inn justifies the inclusion, for these State Papers were treasure-trove.

Of the Paston letters and Verney papers, it is enough to examine the footnotes of the most full and accurate histories of England, social and political, to get an idea of the debt which Clio owes to these (and suchlike) ordinary, English family correspondents. Of Pepys, it were idle to speak. He is a part of history; his diary is the man and all that matters of the history of his time. The debt which Clio owes to Walpole was never so much underrated as was that to Greville. Greville was unfortunate in the hour of his publication. His records, compiled with an eye to posterity, burst on a Victorian world steeped in veneration for secret cupboards, skeletons, and closet keys, and with a perfect terror of keyholes and fresh air. From the Queen downwards, Greville was condemned as a spy and a traitor to his class, a gossip and a scandalmonger. He was, indeed, undeserving of violent criticism on any of these counts. He was a man of education, just, and not remarkably partial politically, a shrewd appraiser of character and motive, and one of the most expert writers of concise character-sketches and political *résumés*. He was "in the know" and of the circle of privilege and government. If he was an idler as a placeman, he was a hard worker and an efficient in his self-imposed task on behalf of Clio. Creevey also was something more than a placeman and a gossip. The tests of time have proved the measure of his average of accuracy and shrewdness, as of his rarer but revealing searchlights on dark places in history. He was more partisan than Greville, because his own roots were less secure. Without a sure position in society, with rudimentary education and no private means, he depended far more on the patronage of his party (the Whigs) than did Greville. He was therefore more bitter and less judicial than Greville and his sketches and *précis* are less well constructed.

But Clio acknowledges him as more than an imp. He has thrown invaluable light on leading figures, such as Wellington, Grey, Brougham and Lambton, and has supplied social historians with a gold-mine.

He and Greville are lumped in the same category, gossipy diarists. But if Creevey was a diarist, no one living has ever read his diary. If it existed, it died in the flames, and memory of its contents died with Brougham. His records are in letters to his stepdaughter for the most part, written perhaps ultimately for posterity, but in no sense written for unrevised publication. He and Greville, accordingly, are not to be lumped in a single category, but as Clio's efficient aides they may be lumped. Count but the footnotes acknowledging these two in any well-documented history of their times. Clio's imps are legion, a legion not of the damned, but of judges and observers. A bibliography of Clio-impery would be a labour of Hercules, and an invaluable record. The imps derive from all political parties (Abbott and Hobhouse balance Greville and Creevey), from every walk of life and class, from all the nations. In earlier times they were largely of the Church, which monopolised education. It is a piece of sheer bad luck that so few of them were active in the heyday of Shakespeare, on that particular theme of dramatic art and poetry. They were busy enough on exploration and buccaneering.

Defoe perhaps may claim to have raised them to the status of a standing army, but as a militia on a voluntary basis they had done good work in the defence of truth for Clio for centuries before his time.

And one last word upon the finding and the keeping of these old records of historical value. The rediscovery of them has often been as thrilling and romantic as a detective story by Wilkie Collins or Doyle, or their modern successors. Instance the finding of the Thurloe papers in Lincoln's Inn. Or some of Boswell's papers in an old croquet-box, I think. Or Torrington's diaries—nearly thirty volumes of MS.—quite recently picked up and reassembled, after near two centuries of neglect, from second-hand booksellers' trays, from the Bodleian, from a house in Derbyshire, from a draper's shop in Blackburn, from a Berkshire vicarage, a Luton library, and so on.

Or that packet of Byron letters from Italy which, for a hundred years, held the solution of a mystery about which a score of theories had been published in book form, while all the time the answer lay un-wot-of in a sachet containing the relics and letters of late Victorian children.

There are dozens of such instances of romantic rediscoveries. . . . . As for the non-preservation where their existence was known, it is a sorry record of blindness, narrowness and stupidity. The wartime need for paper salvage has underlined this fanaticism of destruction.

The Victorian iconoclasts could plead the insanity of their duty to their ancestors (as they saw that duty). Papers by such "imps" as Boswell were only the other day being systematically burned because they threw light on the possible frailty of someone's great-great-aunt. Duty to Clio should have precedence of duty to great-aunt Prue. That Victorian piety may have been magnificent, but it was not sense or prudence. For the duty to posterity overrides the duty to ancestors. It is a great deal more important that posterity should know what Wellington said on the morrow of Waterloo than that it should never know that Miss Priscilla kicked over the traces when George III was King.

2. FIREFIGHTER IN WARTIME: A woman member of a Westminster fire-fighting squad during an expert display of how to tackle fires caused by incendiary bombs

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

More good news was received recently, when it was learned that two other of its Old *Arethusa* boys attained the rank of Sub-Lieutenant. Many more boys are clamouring for such a chance. Will you send a gift to give such an opportunity? Please address your gift to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

CHRISTMAS NEWS ITEMS

THE QUEEN AND THE "MET" GIRL: One of the W.A.A.F. at an aerodrome visited by the King and Queen explains to the latter how the meteorological instruments are used to find the speed and direction of the wind, etc. During their visit their Majesties saw British and American crews at work and inspected many U.S. aircraft

THE ST. PAUL'S CHRISTMAS-TREE: This giant tree has just been put up inside the Cathedral. It is illuminated with fairy lights and is attracting large numbers of the public

SOMEONE WILL BE FORTUNATE THIS CHRISTMAS! The geese (including one midget goose with a comic gait!) parade through a typical North of England village. This little flock will probably soon be going the way of all (goose-) flesh

FATHER CHRISTMAS ARRIVES BY TANK FOR A U.S. PARTY: His arrival in a General Grant formed the great surprise when some 100 children (many of whom are war orphans, and others the children of Service men) were given a real Christmas party by officers and men of a U.S. armoured unit now in England. Officers had contributed so that every child had a gift from the huge tree, while every man had given up his candy rations for a month to supply the little guests with sweets and confectionery. Father Christmas was actually Captain Raymond Jennison, of Kentucky, formerly a member of the Green Bay Packers, one of America's toughest football teams; the tank commander was Lieut. Cecil Bushager, of Texas

A U.S. CHAPLAIN CONDUCTS A SERVICE AT THE "MAGNA CHARTA" CHURCH: The Rev. Ralph A. Hill, of Oklahoma, who is serving as a chaplain to the U.S. Army Air Forces, has just conducted a service at the parish church at Egham, close to which the Magna Charta was signed at Runnymede. Here he is seen signing the visitors' book after the service, watched by the vicar (the Rev. A. C. Tranter) and by some of the U.S. troops

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

Mr. Clifford Bax Window-gazes; A Diary of Modern Life; A Refugee Seeks Sanctuary in Lourdes; A Civil Servant's Experiences of Wartime Censorship

FROM his broad and lofty window in Albany, Mr. Clifford Bax looked out upon Burlington Gardens and, like Arnold Bennett, his predecessor in the same chambers, saw, among other things, the pretty ladies promenading. In **EVENINGS IN ALBANY** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.) he recalls the amusing names he invented for them and how that Lady Mynk could hardly restrain her impatience to dine with him and have a look too. Which led to the question, "Who is the loveliest woman you've ever seen?" She was a tall girl, a New Yorker: and seventeen. An interesting seven pages, these, since they illustrate Mr. Bax's technique

A TWIN PERSONALITY: Miss Pearl Bentley works five hours a day in the canteen of the New Zealand Forces Club. Later in the day she appears as fresh as a daisy at the Savile Theatre, where she is one of the principals in *Fine and Dandy*. Far from being tired, Miss Bentley appears to flourish on her full day's work!

of nostalgic vignette. Enough of Albany to give the book its title (with the Coronation and "the only vine-tree in the parish of St. James'" thrown in), Arnold Bennett, a "clodhopping" conversation on harlotry with a frustrated one, but all the time leading to the real purpose—an exquisite portrait of a lovely woman.

So it is with the rest of these pieces, ranging from food and wine, the obscurities of modern poetry ("Had I contracted Blackwood's disease?"), cricket, Cambridge Untouchables, an "equilateral" love-affair, to the minor literary lights of the 1860's. They are the musings of a savant; a dilettante, scarcely missing a literary trick.

"'You'd be a better man and a better writer if only you were more vulgar,' said J. B. Priestley.

"'Vulgarity,' I answered sadly, 'is like an earldom. You may be born to it and yet not deserve your luck. I will go further. I will say that, alas, unlike an earldom, it can never be achieved.'"

Like the harlots and Arnold Bennett, the earldom and J. B. Priestley are insinuated, this time as a foil to an essay on literary taste, with some cricket thrown in.

"There was," says the blurb, "a bomb near Albany." A gunner would retort that it was well and truly bracketed by numerous salvoes. Mr. Bax describes the early one that hit Burlington Arcade, shattered his chambers, and drove him to that cambric backwater where there is "no opportunity of revelling in vulgarity or trash." On a small point of detail, there were no guns about when that one landed, like "a gigantic tailor suddenly ripping two miles of calico."

Leaving Mr. Bax to his esoteric musings, we return to war-stricken earth with Mr. Charles Graves in **LONDONER'S LIFE** (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.). This is the second volume of a diary which Mr. Graves began with *Off the Record*, and even if it is a little too much lit with personal trivia, the news sense of a good journalist stamps most of its pages with the instinct of history in the making. The unborn generation may yet be grateful that one of the modern breed of news-hawk thought it worth while to record his daily impressions of the first war in which civilians formed the first line and won the greatest battle of all.

For not only have Charles Graves and his indomitable Peggy been bombed and blasted with the best of Londoners, but he has been out and about with the Fighter Boys in the Battle of Britain, on convoy, in minesweepers, and on E-boats with the Navy, as well as a spell with the B.E.F. up to Dunkirk.

There are other books about those things. This one opens with Britain, after a year of fighting alone, redoubling her industrial efforts to help the new ally, Russia. Pearl Harbour was several months away.

Here is the day-to-day life of a Londoner in the third year of the war. Everything from a Home Guard parade to the difficulties of coming by that extra bottle of gin; and most things from the austerities to the revived relaxations. And it is little the worse for being extremely personal.

When Mr. Franz Werfel was trying to escape from Europe, like so many of his fellow-artists in the past few years, he found himself in Lourdes, and there, in his own words, he hid for several weeks. "Each morning when I woke up it was in ignorance as to whether I was still a free man or a prisoner condemned to death. It was a time of great dread. But it was also a time of great significance for me, for I became acquainted with the wondrous history of the girl Bernadette Soubirous, and also with the wondrous facts concerning the healings of Lourdes. One day in my great distress I made a vow. I vowed that if I escaped from this desperate situation and reached the saving shores of America, I would put off all other tasks and sing, as best I could, the song of Bernadette."

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is the fulfilment of that vow. "I have dared to sing the song of Bernadette," he writes, "although I am not a Catholic, but a Jew. . . ."

Eighty years ago, a little peasant girl of Lourdes, fourteen years old, came back to her family and told them that she had seen a wonderful Lady. From that day, whether or not she had seen the Mother of God, as many claimed for her, there was an upheaval, at first in the little town, and soon throughout the country, that has never been paralleled.

Volume upon scientific volume was written to disprove her statement, and to show it as an hallucination. The police and even the Army were concerned, and the priests, wariest of all of what might well have been a hoax, subjected the child to the most stringent examination. Bernadette remained unmoved, happy, full of simple faith and with the same constant rejection of personal notoriety.

Since those days the grotto of the vision, the spring, and the cures through faith have passed into history. In 1933 Bernadette was canonised. And although it has been no part of Werfel's intention to reopen the controversy of Lourdes, in this long novel he pays a very moving tribute to the innocence and strength of an act of faith.

TABLE TWO (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) is an entertaining novel by Mrs. Marjorie Wilenski, on a few of the less known aspects of wartime censorship, and the need for translations which that entails. The translations, in their turn, demand a sizable staff, and so you get a new (and so far, fictional) Ministry of Foreign Intelligence. At a crowded table in a crowded room there, work Mrs. Wilenski's set of characters, and very ably has the author constructed her plot to fit them.

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All the translators are women, and all of them a British-born, but there ends anything that th might all have in common. Contrary to unkin theory, not even a love of gossip is mutual to the and they include at least one very pretty girl, o soured, hysterical spinster, one nice old lady, o eavesdropper, one thoroughly repellent charact and a number of nonentities made human for line or two of pleasantly acid description.

There will be a great many books written duri and after this war by temporary Civil Servant This is one of the first, and possibly one of the slight of them, but it is deftly and amusingly done.

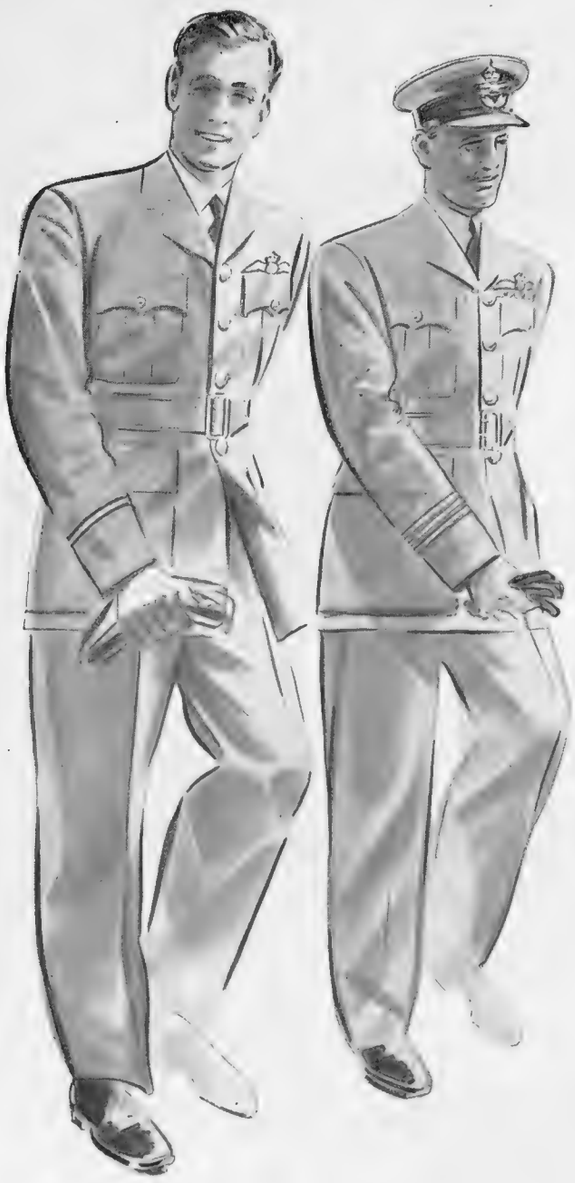
MAJOR BEN LYON, of the U.S. Army Air Corps: The forty-two-year-old star of stage, screen and radio has volunteered for service with the U.S. Army. He has just been sworn in at Headquarters and will be given the rank of Major. He was for ten years in the U.S. Air Force Reserve and has had considerable flying experience. In this picture are also seen Brig.-General C. C. Chauncey (Chief of Staff of the American Eighth Army) and, in centre, Colonel William D. Dick (Adjutant-General), who administered the oath

ROCK OF FRANCE (Lindsay Drum mond. 8s. 6d.) is an American woma story of a little island off the coast Brittany, in which she lived for twel years and adopted as her own counti Miss Ida Treat was there throughout t fall of France, and saw 400 Germa soldiers occupy the island. She was final able to get back to the United Stat herself, leaving behind her that micr cosm of all France "in peace and w and defeat and desperate, unalterab hope. . . ."

As the reader might expect, this is moving little book and full of the spiri the humour and the toughness of th island people.

Just a final note, to draw attentio to a wonderful book by a wonderful man-**WHEREAS I WAS BLIND**, by Sir Ia Fraser, M.P. It is published by Hodd and Stoughton at 8s. 6d. It should b ordered from the bookseller at once.

"SEA-GOING WRENS" IN THEIR DUFFLE WATCH-COATS: Women of the W.R.N.S. are now manning Diesel launches, naval hospital boats and various small craft used as Liberty boats and duty boats. The heavier types have men as coxswains, but the smaller craft are "manned" entirely by women. When on duty they wear bell-bottomed trousers, jackets, jersey or navy shirt, canvas shoes or sea boots: in addition they wear duffle watch-coats in cold weather and oilskins in the rain. Off duty they wear the ordinary uniform of the W.R.N.S.



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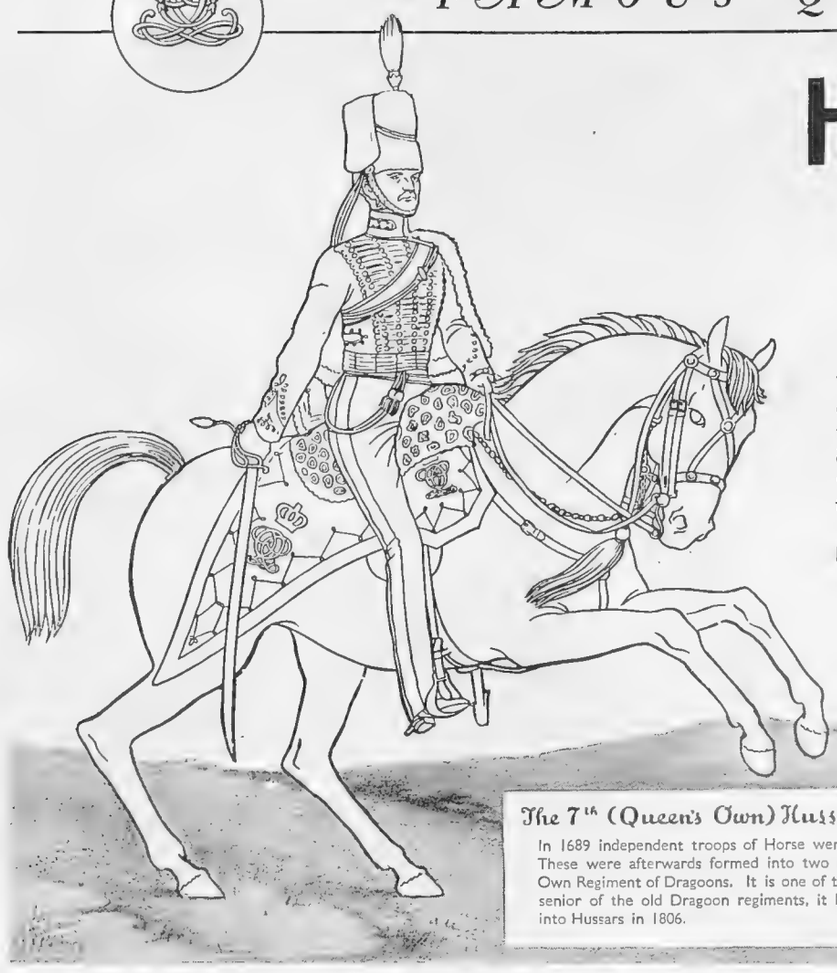

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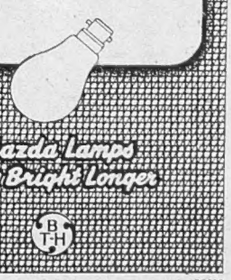

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